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From a Painting by

THE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE.

MR. EDWARD HUGHES.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustration: The Countess of Dalhousie</i> ...	73, 74
<i>Physical Deterioration</i> ...	74
<i>Country Notes</i> ...	75
<i>Henley Royal Regatta. (Illustrated)</i> ...	77
<i>American Wildfowl</i> ...	79
<i>Wild Country Life</i> ...	80
<i>"Management of Jersey Cattle"</i> ...	82
<i>The Broadland Season. (Illustrated)</i> ...	83
<i>The Sussex Downs. (Illustrated)</i> ...	85
<i>The Modern Development of Pastel</i> ...	86
<i>Letters from Somaliland. (Illustrated)</i> ...	87
<i>Royal Ascot</i> ...	89
<i>Gardens Old and New: Godinton. (Illustrated)</i> ...	90
<i>A Winding Hedgerow</i> ...	98
<i>Flodden Field. (Illustrated)</i> ...	99
<i>William Ernest Henley. (Illustrated)</i> ...	102
<i>Polo Notes. (Illustrated)</i> ...	103
<i>On the Green</i> ...	105
<i>From the Farms. (Illustrated)</i> ...	106
<i>Windmills</i> ...	107
<i>Correspondence</i> ...	107

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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PHYSICAL . . . DETERIORATION.

SINCE the accounts of the debate in the House of Lords on which we made some comment last week, the question of the physical deterioration of English men and women has been discussed both publicly and privately, and the country will not be satisfied until it has some authoritative information on the point. At present those who are not fanatical and do not care to rush to extreme opinions are in a state of doubt. It is certainly true that sections of the population are deteriorating, but whether the entire nation is being affected is a question that demands very careful enquiry for its answer. Those who take the affirmative side seem to rest their conclusions on three separate points. One of these is the diminishing birth-rate. Unquestionably this is an evil sign, or at any rate it has always appeared simultaneously with the beginning of national decay. A nation that has many to provide for will naturally exert itself more than that which has few, and our Colonial expansion is traceable in a degree to the growth of population. But, on the other hand, imprudent marriages and very large families were for a long time the curse of certain classes of the population. If the East Anglian labourer chooses to have only four or five children, instead of a dozen, there are few who would not applaud his resolve, since such very large families are, to say the least of it, very hard on the women, and the race in that particular instance is more likely to be improved than degenerated by a decrease in the birth-rate. On the other hand, no words can be too scornful for the fashionable women who refuse to have children because it would interfere with their enjoyment. President Roosevelt used some very plain language about them a few weeks ago, and what he said should be echoed in every European country. Yet prolonged and careful enquiry is necessary to tell us on which side lies the balance of advantage. To take the second prop on which the argument is based, namely, the number of recruits that have to be refused because of physical incapacity, that, too, is susceptible of explanation. For the last quarter of a century England has, on the whole, enjoyed very prosperous times, and it stands to reason that when commerce is active, labour in

demand, and wages correspondingly high, the more efficient specimens of the working classes will not be attracted to soldiering as much as when many of them are thrown out of work by commercial depression. Thus the sergeant has to dip to a lower level for his recruits, and the lower the level the worse the physique. It would be singular indeed if the twelve millions more or less who are always standing upon the brink of starvation were as physically fit as the middle-class Jeshurun, "who waxed fat and kicked." It would therefore be misleading to draw any wide inference from the physical condition of the East End strays who at present form a considerable part of the material out of which our Army is made. At any rate, that is a point for the medical experts to determine for us. On the other side of the account might be placed the vastly increased number both of young men and of young women who are physically fit to take part in hardy and difficult outdoor games. Many more young people play such games as cricket, football, and tennis, while the staid and middle-aged find in golf an outdoor amusement that suits well with the more sedate period of life. All this must tend to make for physical efficiency, and is a set-off against the alleged decadence of those who wish to enter the Army.

We are afraid, however, that the third of the arguments cannot be so easily disposed of. This is the dissemination of consumption and kindred diseases, caused in great measure by the unhealthy conditions of town life. If hollow-chested lads from the town slums are allowed to marry factory and shop girls whose physique has been ruined by confinement under unhealthy conditions, it would be wholly unreasonable to expect health and vigour in their progeny. The excessive smallness and delicacy of the children to be found where population is thickest, go a long way to condemn the whole system of crowding people together in towns. But after we have recognised the facts it becomes an extremely difficult matter to suggest anything likely to prove an effective remedy. Of course there are many people who, at every critical emergency, turn their helpless eyes to Parliament, as if every evil in the world could be cured by legislation. Yet there are certain things no law can accomplish. Men and women are entitled to eat what they like, to wear what they like, and to lodge how they like, as long as they do nothing to injure their fellow-beings. It would be a difficult matter even to go so far as to make a regulation rendering it punishable for a man or woman afflicted with consumption or any incurable disease to get married.

Those who talk of mating only the fit with the fit are too material. Neither chemist nor biologist has yet explained the mystery of the passion we call love, or the attraction which an individual of one sex has for an individual of the other. It might indeed be possible to run a negative law forbidding the marriage of diseased persons, but it would be inconceivable madness and a return to something worse than savagery to appoint rules by which men and women were to come together. Indeed all ideas of regulating marriage by law may be relegated to the realms of the fantastic and visionary. It behoves us to ask not what might be done under an ideal state of affairs, but what is actually possible and practical to-day, and no doubt the most important instrument with which we can work is that of education. Not only ought the physical development of children to be attended to as much as their mental development, but they need much more teaching about diet and hygiene and biology. Such instruction ought to be extremely simple, and as far as possible practical. That is to say, it would be of little use to set forth to a school in Whitechapel the many virtues of cleanliness. The better way is to see that day by day the scholars become accustomed to the use of soap and water, if not at their homes, then in public baths provided for the purpose. No doubt it would be extremely difficult to impart any useful teaching about their food. Never in history were the labouring classes fed so well as are those in England at the present moment, and it would be no easy matter to show them that health probably results from living a little less well, that there was a wholesomeness about many old-fashioned dishes now despised by them which is not to be found in the adulterated white bread and ill-made tea with which they cram themselves. To make such education effective it would be necessary to attend actually to the feeding of the little children, and how this is to be done is not at present very apparent. Yet the main thing is that whatever we attempt shall be practicable and workable. Most of the schemes of which we hear cannot be described otherwise than as a beating of the air.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Dalhousie, who was married on Tuesday at St. Michael's Church. The Countess is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, of Drummond Castle, Crieff.



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM is a very curious compound of extravagance and sense, but the latter quality prevails, and the determination which he has arrived at that his only daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, should learn the art of cookery, must be ascribed to the latter characteristic. He has had a kitchen fitted up in the palace at Potsdam, and when issuing the orders in regard to it he is reported to have said, "My daughter must be a model German housewife; she must understand how to fry a sausage, roast a joint, bake a cake; she must be a womanly woman of the good old-fashioned sort." The little girl is at present only eleven years of age, so that the Kaiser may be said to be taking time by the forelock; but he is perfectly right. His daughter ought to be an example to all the women of Germany, and it was better times when a lady was proud of her preserves and wore a large bunch of keys at her waist. Here in England, home-life is practically being ruined by the refusal of society women to perform the household duties that devolve upon them at the altar. Their idea seems to be for each to constitute herself a kind of bachelor-woman with a husband.

In reply to Viscount Sidmouth, Lord Lansdowne on Monday night gave some information in regard to the means that are being taken to preserve the larger animals in South Africa. The necessity of doing this has been laid before our readers more than once by contributors like Sir Henry Seton-Karr and Mr. E. N. Buxton, who are qualified to speak on the subject from personal experience. It seems that the Convention has not yet been ratified, owing to the refusal of Abyssinia and Liberia to give in their adhesion. They profess to find it impossible to enforce its provision. France holds her answer in reserve until they agree, but as far as British Central Africa, East Africa, Uganda, and the Somali Coast Protectorates are concerned the Convention is already being carried out under regulations framed for the purpose. Lord Lansdowne says the Government have no reason to believe that large game was decreasing except in the immediate vicinity of European settlements. It would be of interest to have this confirmed by hunters of big game who have been on the spot.

In spite of the hostile attitude of some of the more rabid anti-loyalist section of the Nationalist Party, the decorations for the King's visit to Dublin are being carried out on a scale which will quite eclipse anything ever before seen in the Irish metropolis. It is still fresh in the minds of Dubliners what a splendid reception the late Queen Victoria got on her last visit, and it is confidently expected that King Edward will receive an even more enthusiastic one, as the feeling is strengthening that His Majesty means well towards Ireland, and is really anxious that his Irish subjects should fall into line with those of England and Scotland, and so let his rule be over a truly united kingdom.

The last visit of a "King of England" (as the Nationalists delight in dubbing King Edward VII.) to Dublin was in 1821, when George IV. made his public entry into the city on August 17th. There were illuminations for two nights and general rejoicings. The King's visit extended from August 12th, on which date he landed at Howth, until September 3rd, when he took his departure from Dunleary, now known as Kingstown. The day of the King's landing in Ireland was his birthday. He was most enthusiastically received, entered Dublin with a splendid retinue, visited all the public institutions, conferred many honours, and left the country amidst the acclamations of congregated thousands. He issued a letter before leaving expressing his gratification at the reception he had met with, and his desire of the mutual goodwill of his subjects, but the effect of his visit was too superficial and evanescent, and no practical good resulted from it. It is sincerely to be hoped that the approaching visit of King Edward VII. will have better results.

The North Eastern Railway Company has once again shown its enterprise—this time by starting a village motor-car service

in the Beverley district of Yorkshire. It is intended that the cars should run between Beverley and Long Rilston, Routh, Leven, Bransburton, North Frodingham, Beeford, and other intervening places on the old road between Beverley and Bridlington. These places are all from four to eight miles distant from a railway station, and the advantages of the service are self-apparent. The cars to be used are to be of powerful design, and will carry sixteen passengers, with rather more than half a ton of luggage on the roof. The engines are to be of the four-cylinder petrol type of 27 h.p. each and 750 revolutions. It will be highly interesting to watch the success of this experiment, since even in Essex and within thirty or forty miles of London there are many farm-places practically out of reach of a railway station.

An interesting new departure has been notified from Austria. Between Tabor and Brechin the first electric railway in the Austrian Empire has just been opened. It is not a very important line, being only fifteen miles long, but the interesting feature about it is that a telephone replaces the usual signals, and by its means the driver can ascertain if the line is clear. This telephone is also placed at the service of the passengers. Its use opens up quite a new prospect. Most of us have felt the inconvenience of being shut in a railway carriage during a long journey, without any means of communicating with the outside world. If our lines were all electrified, as they are pretty certain to be in the course of a few years, there does not seem any insurmountable obstacle to the construction of telephones that, in an emergency, would enable travellers to hold communication with their friends.

FAILURE.

He brought me to his garden rare,
To give me of his best:
He pulled a lily for my hair,
The jasmine for my breast,
And filled my lap with roses red,
For they were born of love, he said.
All day he taught me garden lore,
The way to sow and prune,
And what to waste and how to store
From fitful March to June;
And then he left me mistress there,
Proud mistress of the garden rare.
I worked with jealous hand and eye
His watchful praise to win:
But, O, the creepers shot so high,
The weeds did over-sin!
And when his coming he delayed
I grew mistrustfully afraid.
The roses, too, began to fade,
His roses born of love!
Perchance it was the willow's shade—
Big boughs I could not move:
I know not, but in wild dismay
I kissed them dead, and fled away.

LILIAN STREET.

A question has been raised in one of our daily contemporaries as to whether a railway ticket is or is not a receipt for money, and whether, in case of a return not being used, the money ought to be repaid. The matter has often been argued before, and, according to present arrangements, it is bound to come up at intervals, for the week-end tickets especially are issued according to a very bad plan. When they were instituted some years ago, the idea was that a man might take advantage of them once, say, in six months for a week-end holiday. In that case, he would be able to get away easily enough on a Monday; but now, when they are used almost weekly, this arrangement is not nearly so convenient. If, instead of being from Friday to Tuesday tickets, they were from Thursday to Monday, it would suit the ordinary week-end much better. To him the last days of the week are not so important as the first, and in nearly every business it is easier to get away for a Friday and Saturday than it is on a Monday. The railway companies might do worse than take advantage of this hint.

The vagaries of this summer's weather form an unending subject of discussion. According to a correspondent in Shropshire, while Londoners the other day were half broiled in a temperature of 90 deg. in the shade, the Salopians were treated to a fall of snow. Hailstones we are familiar with at all times of the year, but the snowflakes that fell in Shropshire were large and fleecy enough to have graced Christmas Eve in the old time. Those who have gone about the country have tales almost equally startling to tell. If it be clear and sunny in one portion of the island it is practically certain to be pouring torrents in another. In one county the rivers have run dry for lack of moisture, and in another they have ruined grass and cereals by overflowing their banks. Such a diversity can very seldom have been experienced before, and we do not envy the

meteorologists who from endless columns of figures have to make what they call an average rainfall for Great Britain. Incidentally it shows that an average means little or nothing.

During the spring months Nature dons a succession of beautiful garments, but it is doubtful if at any time she wears what is more exquisite than can be seen just now. Primroses are fair, but they hide in sequestered nooks and banks difficult of access; daisies and cowslips and bluebells are not to be disparaged, yet they must all give place to that most exquisite of wild flowers the briar rose, into which, as Wordsworth has beautifully said, "flaunting summer" has flung her whole heart. Wild roses are now at their very best, glistening like fresh sweet points of beauty by the dusty roadside, in the field hedgerows and forest thickets. With them has come another flower in exceptional profusion this year, and that is the elder, the old bower tree of Scotland. Our ancestors chose this tree to plant near their favourite seats because of its beauty and fragrance. Latterly it has been almost despised, but whoever looks at the white billows it is making in many a lonely place to-day must acknowledge that the taste of our forefathers was also that of our betters. No garden and no hothouse can produce anything to rival the wild rose and the elder-flower.

Again this year, as last, the numbers of all the swallow tribe that have deigned to visit us have been much less than the average, according to the observation of most people who take intelligent notice of these things. If it be profitable at all to attempt to trace these facts to their causes, a good working hypothesis may be found in the relative paucity of insect life, on which these birds live exclusively, in consequence of cold, wet springs. There are many people who are disposed to find the sparrow guilty of driving away these useful insectivorous birds, and no doubt he does hunt many a pair of house-martins from their mud nest, which he appropriates to his own use. Sparrows committed this crime on a nest made on the writer's own house-wall only last summer, and further rent to pieces the nest of a vainly-protesting pair of flycatchers to furnish the bare walls from which they had evicted the martins. But, wicked as these sparrows are, it is against one species only of the swallow kind that their offences are committed. The house-martins are the only sufferers. The swifts, the swallows themselves, and the sand-martins are fairly safe from them, so that they cannot be held guilty of the absence of the swallow kind in general. The lack of insects is the more likely reason, and a fine warm spring may bring them back as numerous as ever.

If we were still living in the days of Linnæus it is likely that we should find our British birds increased this year by a new species of *Hirundo*, for there is authentic record of the finding of a Nordmann's pratincole (*G. Melanoptera*) on Romney Marsh. Later biologists classify the pratincole family under the plovers, but Linnæus placed it under the swallow family, to which its general appearance and habit of hunting its insect food on the wing give it a superficial, resemblance. The

G. Melanoptera from Romney Marsh is the first specimen of its species found in Great Britain, and is so very far from the breeding haunts on the Khirghiz Steppes where it should be at this season, that one would suspect it of having escaped from captivity, but for the fact that it is about the last bird that anyone would conceive it possible to keep in that way.

Kew Observatory is to march northwards to Eskdalemuir. For a long while it has been known that there were difficulties in carrying on scientific observations in the vicinity of so many electric tramways, wires, and other conductors of the electric fluid as abound about Kew. Therefore, negotiations have been virtually concluded, as we understand, with the Duke of Buccleuch, for his granting a small high-lying portion of his estate at Langholm, for the purpose of the observations hitherto carried on at Kew. It is reasonable to suppose that a good many years will pass, even at the present rate of progress, before electric tramways disturb the new site.

The Eastern Counties report fairly on the game prospects there. There partridges were not visited by the June rains that played such havoc in some places, and the "little brown birds" promise to be moderately good, if anything a little below the average. There has been a great mortality among pheasants owing to enteric trouble, of which the cause still seems obscure, though there are several conjectures to account for it. It is interesting to hear that Pallas's grouse are nesting in the Thetford country, although not as numerous as on some of their visits.

The Government of Cape Colony has passed some stringent regulations that amount to a virtual prohibition of the introduction of any floral growth into the Colony (with the exception of "fruit, seed, seedling stocks for budding or grafting purposes, and blight-proof stocks for apples"). It is prohibited to bring even a peach stone into the land. Special permission, it is stated, can be obtained from the Minister of the Board of Agriculture at Cape Town, but the limits of his discretion seem very strictly marked; and in any case such importations are subject to examination, fumigation, and ultimately to destruction if they show any symptom of disease.

A curious conviction was obtained at the Spelthorn Petty Sessions held at Sunbury on Monday. A certain Mr. Lukyn was summoned for allowing a line to which a bait and hook were attached to be drawn or trailed from a skiff in the river Thames. The evidence showed that he had a live bait and that he really believed himself to be spinning, but after the bench had consulted for some time the chairman stated that the majority were of opinion that the bye-law had been broken, and that the defendant was unintentionally fishing illegally, so he was fined ten shillings including costs. No doubt the bye-law is very useful to prevent people trailing a number of lines together, but one would imagine that in this case, where only a single line was used, the results could not have been so good as if the man had fished properly from the boat.

SONG IN MY HEART.*

Song-in-my-heart, my heart's sorrow, my delight,
I hear a thin whistling as of a high arrow in flight
Or when the wind suddenly leaps, leaving the grass snowy-white:
Is it your voice, Song-in-my-heart, that calls to me to-night?

It is dark here, my Love, my Pulse, my Heart, my Flame:
Dark the night, dark with wind and cloud, the wind without aim
Baffled and blind, the cloud low, broken, dragging, lame,
And a stir in the darkness at the end of the room sighing my name, whispering my name!

Is that the sea calling, or the hounds of the sea, or the wind's hounds
Baffling billow on billow, wave into wave, with trampling sounds
As of herds confusedly crowding gorges?—or with leaps and bounds
The narwhals in the polar seas crashing between ice-grown mounds?

Great is that dark noise under the black north wind
Out on the sea to-night: but still it is—still as the frosts that bind
The stark inland waters in green depths where icebergs grind—
In this noise of shaking storm in my heart and this blast sweeping my mind.

FIONA MACLEOD.

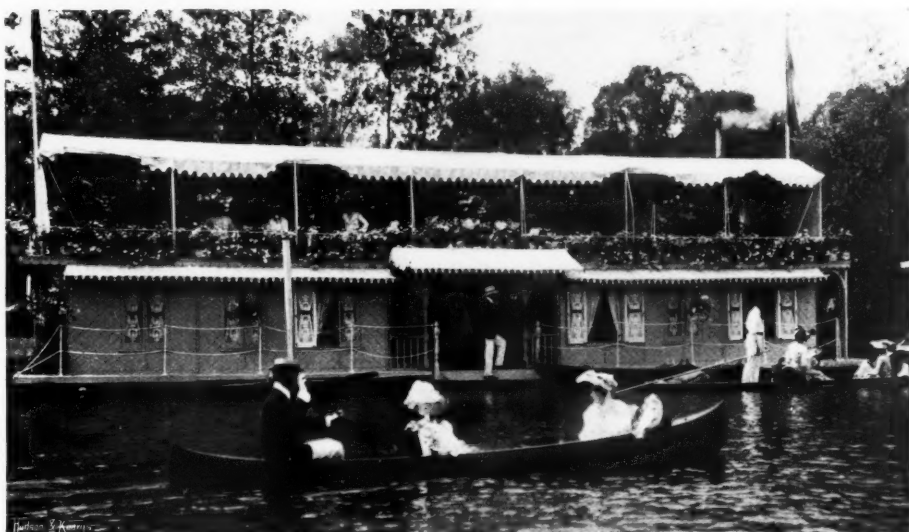
* *Oran-a-chridhe*, "Song in my heart," a term of endearment.

HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA.

AFTER the prognostications of the weather prophets, it was a delightful surprise to find in Henley Week one of the most charming of the present summer.

It was pleasant enough in the early days, but on Thursday, when the crowd was at its largest, the heat was quite overwhelming, and the coolness of the river was very welcome to those who had come down from the glare and dust of London. It had been known on the previous Saturday that several changes were to be made in the usual arrangements. The Argonaut Rowing Club and L. Scholes of the Toronto Rowing Club did not come over. Eton scratched for the Grand Challenge Cup, and St. George Ashe was rejected for the Diamond Sculls, owing to the regrettable omission of a formality required by the rules. On Monday, as very often happens at Henley, a strong wind from the west blew all day, though, singularly enough, those who had the less advantageous berth in each case managed to win.

The first heat was between F. S. Kelly of the Leander Club and Carl Ernst of the Viking Club, Berlin. At first Ernst led with a somewhat quicker stroke than Kelly, but at the upper end the



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THE SOUVENIR.

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excitement was caused by the announcement that J. D. Goldie was unwell, as the Third Trinity pair had done so well in practice that they were considered to have the

Silver Goblets at their mercy. The Third Trinity four entered for the Visitors' Challenge Cup scratched, and this race, therefore, fell through. The heats for the Diamond Sculls formed the most interesting events for the day next to the race for the Goblets. In the first heat for the Thames Challenge Cup for fours Jesus College, Oxford, beat Avon Rowing Club, Bath. It was a very good race, Avon leading at first, though Jesus drew up at Remenham Rectory, and won finally by only a quarter of a length. In the second heat Kingston Rowing Club beat London Rowing Club after a race in which they never were properly extended. In the third heat Trinity College, Dublin, beat Twickenham Rowing Club after a very hard race, which Dublin won by a length and

three-quarters. The fourth heat was between the Newry Rowing Club and the Thames Rowing Club. This was a curious race, and was won by sheer strength without any style

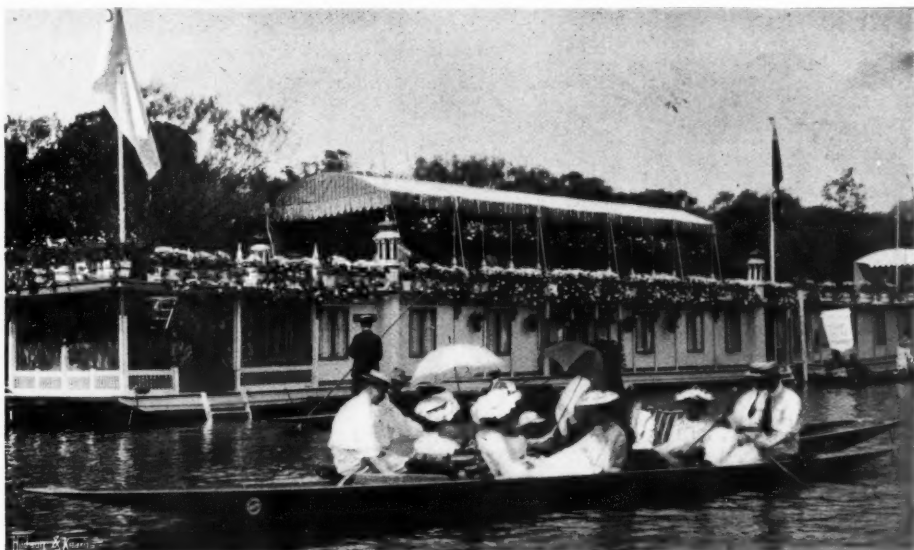


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LEANDER BEAT THIRD TRINITY.

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latter had just edged in front. After that he held his own easily, and was leading by no less than five lengths at Fawley Court boathouse, and won without any effort in 9min. 19sec. The second heat was between H. T. Blackstaffe of the Vesta Rowing Club and W. W. Field of Exeter College, Oxford. It was a very good race. Up to Temple Island there was no advantage until nearly at the top, when Field got half a length in front. Blackstaffe spurted and drew near at the Rectory, but Field was three-quarters of a length ahead at the half-mile. From this point, however, Blackstaffe began to outrow him, and led by half a length at the boathouse. Field made a very plucky effort to pull up, but Blackstaffe, who seemed to have a lot in reserve, responded vigorously, and led by five lengths at Bushey Gate, ending an easy winner in 9min. 7sec. On Tuesday the weather was better than it had been the day before; though a little wind was blowing, it was not so discomforting as that of Monday, and the sun's heat was tempered by the presence of soft white clouds. Naturally the attendance was very much better, though still not quite so good as we are accustomed to see at Henley. Some



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THE CIGARETTE.

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W. A. Rouch. DUBLIN WIN THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP.

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whatever. Thames was drawing up at the finish, and would have won easily enough if the course had been longer. The first heat for the Ladies' Challenge Plate for eight oars, between Magdalen College, Oxford, and Jesus College, Oxford, proved a hollow victory for Magdalen by six lengths. The first heat for the Stewards' Challenge Cup for four oars was between Third Trinity, Cambridge, and the London Rowing Club. London kept in front for about a hundred yards, but afterwards Trinity forged ahead, and, keeping their lead, won easily by four lengths.

The race for the Silver Goblets and Nickalls' Challenge Cup for pair oars brought out Victoria Rowing Club, Berlin, and Third Trinity, Cambridge, for the first heat. As has been mentioned, Goldie had been taken ill during the night, and was quite unfit to row. Nevertheless, he very pluckily took his place, but proved of no use to Taylor. The style shown by Third Trinity was much the better of the two; but the illness of Goldie proved too much of a handicap, and the Berlin crew won by two lengths. The third heat for the Diamond Challenge Sculls was between Guy Rixon of the Kingston Rowing Club and C. H. R. Thorn of the London Rowing Club. It was a very good race at the beginning, but towards the end Thorn seemed to be played

out, and Rixon, sculling away merrily, won by many lengths. In the fourth heat A. H. Cloutte of the London Rowing Club beat Konrad Haffner of the Viking Rowing Club, Berlin, after a very hard race, it taking the Englishman all his time to row the German down. He won at last by only one length. In the fifth heat J. Beresford of Kensington Rowing Club beat J. B. Juvenal of the Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, very easily. In the sixth heat F. S. Kelly of the Leander beat H. T. Blackstaffe of the Vesta Rowing Club after a hard race by about five lengths.

The weather on Wednesday was again equal to what it had been on the two preceding days. Indeed, it was oppressively hot, and the slight breeze coming from the westward over the bushes neither interfered much with the rowers nor served to cool the hot faces of the spectators. The condition of C. J. D. Goldie still proved an exciting topic of conversation. It was



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SANTA CATALINA AND KISMET.

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not thought that there was anything seriously wrong with him, but he was confined to bed, and rowing was out of the question. The Third Trinity were therefore in a difficulty. It was at

first suggested that they should row only seven oars, but wiser counsels prevailed, and a substitute was put in Goldie's place. The racing on Wednesday was of a most interesting character, and kept the large crowd which then assembled in a state of pleasing excitement. In the seventh heat for the Diamond Challenge Sculls F. S. Kelly of the Leander Club easily beat A. H. Cloutte of the London Rowing Club. He could have won by as many lengths as he liked. In the eighth heat J. Beresford of Kensington Rowing Club, after a race that was hard at the beginning, defeated Guy Rixon of the Kingston Rowing Club very easily in the end. In the Stewards' Challenge Cup, Third Trinity, Cambridge, found it hard work to dispose of the Leander Club, and eventually won by a bare length only. In the third heat the Royal Netherlands beat the Victoria, Berlin, after a very exciting race. At first the Germans led, and were half a length in front at the upper end of Temple Island, but they lost this advantage by bad steerage. They were, however, a third of a length ahead at Fawley Court boathouse, but the Dutchmen, rowing hard and



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EMBARKING FROM HOBBS' BOATHOUSE.

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strong, got on even terms just below Bushey Gate. Once more the Germans put their backs into it and forged ahead, but again forfeited their advantage by bad steerage, this time running into their opponents, who, however, managed to whip out of the *mêlée* and won easily. It was unfortunate, but the Dutchmen were going strong, and would have won in any case. The second heat of the Ladies' Challenge Cup produced a really fine race between Magdalen College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin. Each in turn showed in front at the beginning of the race, but Magdalen was well in front passing the new signal box. They then gained slowly till they had a lead of half a length, but the Irishmen, making a very brave start, got close up to them at the Isthmian Club. Here the Dublin coxswain, instead of keeping close to the Berkshire Piles, steered into the centre of the river, and Magdalen, taking advantage of the mistake, slipped in a winner by half a length. In the third heat the Eton College boys romped home in front of Radley College. In the fifth heat of the Thames Challenge Cup, Kingston Rowing Club beat Jesus College, Oxford, rather easily, and in the sixth heat Trinity College beat the somewhat rough-and-tumble Newry Rowing Club after a first-rate race. In the first heat of the Wyfold Challenge Cup for fours, Kingston Rowing Club beat Staines Rowing Club after a very good race. Staines was actually ahead at Remenham Rectory, and was quite a length ahead at Fawley Court boat-house. From this point Kingston began to reduce the lead, and, in spite of a fine finishing spurt by Staines, got home a length in front. In the first heat of the Grand Challenge Cup for fours, the Leander Club beat the Thames Rowing Club easily, although Thames rowed very hard. In the second heat the Third Trinity, Cambridge, beat the London Rowing Club, although rowing a substitute in place of Goldie. It was a capital race, Trinity at once leading, and being half a length in front at the upper end of Temple Island. Then London spurred, and came within a quarter of a length. It was a gamely-rowed race, London making strenuous attempts to pass, and Trinity being unable to increase the lead of half a length. Eventually, however, well as the London rowed, they had to fall behind, and in the end Third Trinity won by a length in 7min. 23sec.

The weather, which had been very fine during the whole of the week, was even finer on Thursday. In the final race for the Grand Challenge Cup, Leander had the distinction of beating Third Trinity. The college boat was magnificently rowed, and Leander won only by six feet. In the final heat for the Ladies' Challenge Plate, Magdalen beat Eton by a length and three feet. In the final heat for the Thames Challenge Cup, Trinity College, Dublin, won against the Kingston Rowing Club by a length. In the final heat of the Silver Goblets and Nickalls' Challenge Cup, the Victoria Rowing Club, Berlin, after a great race, beat Kingston Rowing Club. This is the first time that the Silver Goblets have left this country, but the Germans deserve their victory. In the final heat of the Diamond Challenge Sculls F. S. Kelly romped home easily in front of J. Beresford. In the final heat of the Stewards' Challenge Cup Third Trinity beat the Royal Netherlands, though the Dutchmen managed to give them a good tussle for it. The Visitors' Challenge Cup for fours was won by University College, Oxford, against Magdalen College, Oxford;



Rough. MR. F. S. KELLY, WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS. Copyright

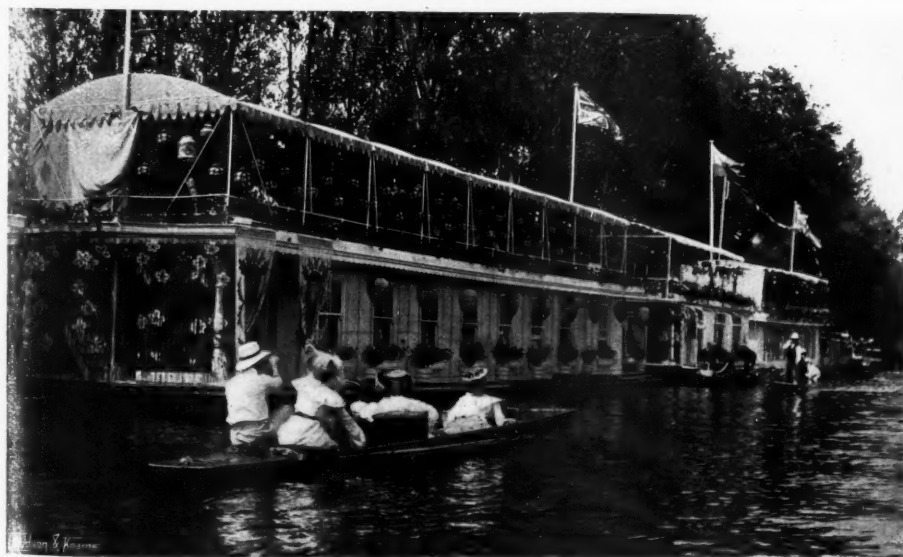
and the final heat of the Wyfold Challenge Cup was won by the Kingston Rowing Club against the London Rowing Club, after a very plucky race on the part of the latter. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Mackenzie of Fawley Court.

AMERICAN WILDFOWL.

THERE have been written and published, at various times, plenty of books upon the great game of North America; but hitherto it has been rather a difficult matter for the ordinary man with the shot-gun to find compact and accessible information concerning the magnificent wildfowl of the United States, Mexico, and Canada. That difficulty has now been absolutely removed, and in "The Water-fowl Family," American Sportsman's Library, by L. C. Sanford, L. B. Bishop, and T. S. Van Dyke (Macmillan and Co., 1903), the whole vast collection of the wildfowl of North America—duck, geese, rails, coots, sand-pipers, snipe, woodcock, and the rest of them—have been fully and adequately dealt with. This is, in fact, an invaluable book to the man with the "scatter-gun"; many a wandering British sportsman, many a settler in Canada and the States, will thank Mr. Caspar Whitney, the energetic editor of this excellent series, for a volume which all sorts and conditions of wildfowlers have been longing and hoping for.

The writers of this book are not only practical sportsmen, thoroughly conversant with the innumerable fowl of which they treat, but they have also the knack of imparting their information in a very pleasant and engaging manner. Many of their descriptions will fire the imagination of the wildfowler, cribbed, cabined, and circumscribed within the narrow limits of our own shores; many others, full of beauty and of keen observation, cannot fail to delight the pure Nature-lover. The book is rendered all the more complete by a careful description of the plumage and points of each bird, adult and young, and by notes on measurements, eggs, and habitats. A useful index accompanies the volume, and some very good illustrations add yet more to the indebtedness of the reader.

Wildfowling in North America has, of course, changed greatly for the worse during the last forty years. Up to the time of the Civil War, the general body of the population had scarcely entered upon the outskirts of that huge and wasteful system of destruction which has already cleared vast areas of their fowl and threatens almost the existence of certain species. For ages, it is true, the Eskimo and the Indian have robbed the nests, slaughtered the young, and massacred the fowl when helpless in the moulting season, slaying the wild geese in thousands—just as do the Samoyeds of Northern Siberia—and salting them for winter use. But, after all, the Indians and Eskimo were comparatively few in numbers, and their assaults made but little impression upon the countless myriads of wildfowl which thronged the country. It was not until breech-loaders came into use, and the middle and west of America became settled, that the real slaying began. Since the middle sixties, however,



W. A. Rouch.

THE VENEZIA.

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the campaign of destruction has been growing and spreading, year by year, with the result that by this time the diminution in all kinds of fowl, especially among geese and duck, has become as serious as it is apparent. Look at the picture of Chesapeake Bay, that marvellous natural home and abiding-place of fowl!

"Between 1870 and 1875," says Mr. Sanford, "fifteen thousand ducks were not uncommonly killed in Chesapeake Bay in a single day. Here, in February and March, it was possible to see red-heads and canvas-backs in rafts miles long, containing countless thousands of birds. In the old days, Baltimore was the headquarters for most of the sportsmen, and the famous locations for shooting were Carroll's Island, Spesutia Island, Maxwell's Point, and Benjies. Formerly, the eastern shores of Chesapeake Bay, from Sassafras River, through Pokomoke Sound, and down the Bay, and on the western side from Baltimore to the James River, were favourite resorts. What stories of ducks and duck-shooting could these places tell! Wildfowl up to 1860 had not been much hunted in this country, and during the Civil War were unmolested. From 1865 began their destruction, which has been steadily increasing since, with a result inevitable. In twenty-five years the greatest natural home in the world for wild ducks has been nearly devastated of its tenants. The past few years have shown some betterment in the shooting there, and with care it may still improve, but the vast hordes of the past will not return." It is, in truth, a melancholy picture. Unhappily the same state of affairs is to be found in other parts of the States. "Inland bodies of water, extending through the middle west to the mountains, tell the same story. What sights were once seen on the sloughs of Indiana, Illinois, and Minnesota! Now, in many places, the numbers left, an insignificant remnant, bear evidence of the past. . . . Practically unprotected, shot from their first coming in the fall to the end of their stay in the spring, the result has been inevitable. Many of the most famous resorts are devastated, and the existing haunts exposed to such incessant persecution that local extinction is threatened unless prompt measures of relief are afforded."

The spring shooting inflicts, undoubtedly, the lion's share of the mischief. Just as the birds are passing north to their ancient breeding grounds, they are exposed to a murderous fusillade in all parts of the country. If that hateful and most wasteful system can be checked, the fowl will make head again; if it is persisted in, the glory and the wealth of uncounted generations of wildfowl will have vanished. Legislators are attempting to protect the fowl, but protection is a difficult matter, and the average American pays little heed to game laws and game wardens. During the last score or so of years, shooting clubs have sprung up in all directions, and it is possible that, for the sake of their own sport, these associations, which often rent large areas of land, water, and marsh, may see fit to bring aid to legislation. In some instances they are already doing so. But, on the other hand, too many members of American wildfowling clubs are seized with that infamous modern craze for making "record bags"—a craze, unhappily, to be found within these islands among pheasant-shooters—and the results are disastrous.

While speaking of canvas-back duck, Mr. Sanford corrects the impression, which has for years obtained world-wide credence, that the delicious flavour of this bird is due to its feeding on the wild celery found so freely in Chesapeake Bay. This is not the fact; these ducks feed mainly, after their arrival in the middle of November, on the beds of tape-grass, or vallisneria. On this diet, and not on the celery, the flesh attains "its highest point of excellence."

It is impossible, within the limits of this review, to note a hundredth part of the many interesting things treated of in this volume. When one mentions that among sandpipers alone forty-two species or sub-species are dealt with, the reader may form some conception of the abounding pleasure that lies before him. To the wildfowler and the lover of Nature, whether he makes his home on this or on the western side of the Atlantic, this volume will be a very real delight. There are so many sketches that add life and charm to the narrative. Here is one on that splendid bird, the snow-goose:

"The snow-goose is fairest when alighting in water, where his manner is quite unique. He, too, comes in high in air, as if he would cross the pond. But as it nears the edge the flock lengthens, and then rises in front until it hangs in a column at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees with the level of the water. Then, with every black-tipped wing thrown forward and downward in a rigid curve, and every snowy body parallel to the inclination of the column, each bird floats downward as softly as the streams of fire from a rocket. How bodies so heavy can so hang in air and preserve such rigidity during several minutes of descent, drifting perhaps a thousand feet while falling as far, yet without the slightest break in the ranks or any breach of their vast dignity, is one of the great puzzles of Nature. Time and again in the Western States I have seen all the geese"—Canada, white-fronted, and snow—"alight in water, but only in California have I seen all three at once, not in hundreds, but in thousands, all descending into a circle of a few hundred acres. Such was a common sight in winter before the rapid settlement of the southern plains and slopes, and, whether viewed from the water's

edge or from some hill half a mile away, was a sight equally wild and wonderful."

It may be added that, in spite of our own and the author's laments on the comparative decadence of wildfowl, there is still plenty of fair shooting to be had in North America. With care and protection, this should last for generations yet to come.

H. A. BRYDEN.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

CHILDLESS PARTRIDGES.

THERE are too many pairs of partridges in the fields now. Welcome as they may be in February, honeymooning couples in July, as they whirr in curving flight on the distant hedge, tell us too much of hopes of coveys wrecked just at the wrong time, when the hen birds had gone through the full ordeal of incubation only to lose everything at hatching-time. The damage of earlier storms is more easily repaired, and bad weather which comes later finds the broods strong enough to resist it; but if trouble arrives just when the young are chipping their shells, not only is the whole time of sitting wasted, but the chicks also are caught just when they are weakest and their mothers are least able to shelter them. Before the eggs are chipped the mother partridge sits low upon them, and her body-feathers keep them dry even when the ground all around is soaked. When the chicks are opening the eggs and struggling out, however, she is obliged to sit high to give them freedom of movement, and then the wet finds its way under her into the nest.

PARENTAL DEFENCES.

The shooting season, however, seldom justifies the gloomy anticipations of July, because owners usually err in leaving too many birds upon the land; and when the grain crops are harvested the gamekeeper almost always finds that more large coveys found safe shelter therein than he had dared to hope. Especially this year, when the thick growth of crops covered the land so early in spring that the keeper lost sight of most of his charges from the outset, pleasant surprises may be expected at harvest. Even now, in a good partridge country, you can hardly intrude into the corner of any field filled with a standing crop without hearing the gentle chuckling note with which the mother partridge calls her family quietly away from the sound of your rustling footsteps. Nor can you even cross many meadows without being suddenly startled, as if the ground had exploded under your feet, by the whirring, clattering, shrieking flight of two parent partridges, whose uproar bids you hold back your foot lest you should, at the next step, tread the life out of one of their babies. Familiar as you may be, however, with the noisy tactics of the surprised birds, it is impossible, in the moment of your own astonishment, to avoid looking at them, and it is probably during that moment that the young make their dives for shelter. Though you may look at the ground the next instant, you will not see a sign of movement anywhere.

CUNNING INFANTS.

Looking more carefully, however, you will easily discover two or three of the youngsters, crouching perhaps on the bare ground or in half-inch grass, as still as stones. The exposed positions of these show that the attempt to hide must have been instantaneously effected. Though they have probably no conscious understanding of the meaning of their action, instinct seems to tell them that they must not spend in seeking shelter more than the second during which the intruder's eyes are attracted to their noisy parents. But, on the other hand, the positions of the rest of the family seem to show that they did not merely flop down and crouch where they happened to be at the moment of alarm. The majority are usually too well hidden for that; and even after the most careful search, you can seldom be quite sure that you have found them all. Yet it is very unlikely that when you suddenly come upon a covey the majority of the chicks should always happen to be in good hiding-places. Indeed, if you watch them from a distance through glasses, you will often see them trooping about like little chickens in much closer order than you ever find them hiding; and only a few days ago, after disturbing a family party, I found three of the seven chicks half hidden under different leaves of one small thistle, each with its beak pointing towards the stem, showing that each had made a dash into the cover of the thistle from a different side. In whatever scrap of cover you may find one, too, you will invariably see that it has plunged in head first.

TAKING BETTER COVER.

So small a point as the manner in which baby partridges take cover might not seem worth emphasising did it not show the marvellous adaptation of instinct in new-born things to meet the special perils which surround them. Though, after counting the chicks, you may stand in their midst and watch them for several minutes, you will not see the slightest sign of life among them. Even those which, finding no cover handy, have been obliged to squat down upon the bare ground, remain squatting motionless in full view. It would be wonderful enough for baby partridges to know that after an instant's activity they must remain still as death, even if we supposed that they did not know the difference between good and bad cover. But this is not the case. The poor little mite crouching in full view upon the bare ground knows perfectly well that he is not hidden. To prove this, you may retire a few paces, but not so far as to encourage the mother to return and call her family away. Sitting down so that the little mites cannot see you over their small horizon—for with their eyes within a quarter of an inch of the ground it does not need much surrounding grass to shut out the landscape from them—you may presently see a tuft of grass stir gently, or even catch a glimpse between the blades of a small fluffy body scrambling quietly through. Then all will be still again; and if you return to the spot you will find that every one of the chicks seems to have improved its position. The one that lay in the open may be hidden under a plantain leaf a few inches off; those that were partly concealed under the thistle have snuggled further in; and some may even have taken new cover so cleverly that you cannot find them at all. But the slow and stealthy movements by which this second hiding was



M. Emil Fréchet.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH.

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accomplished, after a long wait until the coast was clear, show how perfectly instinct in these two-day-old fluff-balls imitates the best working of human reason and experience in peril.

"PRETENDING TO BE LAME."

We are often misled by this similarity between instinctive actions and those which are guided by reason to give birds credit for a cunning which they do not possess. Thus, when the mother partridge who has facilitated the escape of her young by the uproar of her own departure abruptly alights at a short distance and goes through more noisy antics, it is usually supposed that she is "pretending to be lame" in order to entice you to follow her away from her children's hiding-place. I doubt, however, whether the partridge is really endowed with the wit to plan and work out such a ruse; and if you watch her antics carefully, you will see that they are merely an extension of those which a farmyard hen goes through when driven away from her chickens. In both cases the mother bird is "torn with conflicting emotions," as the phrase goes. Fears for her own safety compel her to run away, and longing to recover her children makes her run back again. All the time she is shouting loudly with excitement, and her wings, especially the wing nearer to you—and therefore nearer to her young—are stretched outwards and downwards.

A TRICK OF NATURE.

It is this which suggests the pretence of a broken wing, but as a matter of fact it is only the natural expression of the urgent desire which possesses her to cover her chickens with her wing. The maternal instinct and the instinct of self-preservation are contending for mastery over her, and her actions simply express her feelings; *but*, because such behaviour has been beneficial to the species in the past, often tempting enemies to vain pursuit of the mother when the young were at their mercy, Nature has emphasised and stereotyped this mode of expressing the emotions, until even to the human eyes the partridge seems, at the first glance, to invite pursuit by pretended lameness. At the same time, Nature has stereotyped corresponding instincts in the mind of the young partridge—to hide at the instant when its parent raises a clatter of alarm, to remain silent and motionless so long as the alarm continues or the enemy is visible, stealthily to take better cover when all is quiet and the coast is clear, and finally to hurry off to its mother so soon as she returns and calls. It is so highly finished a performance on both sides that we are inclined to regard it all as clever acting; but, like all of Nature's wonderful little dramas, it consists merely of natural expressions of simple emotions, stereotyped and emphasised in conformity with the welfare of the species.

THE GREENFINCH'S DEVICE.

Most of Nature's cleverest performances are similarly given in moments of danger, because it is only then that they subserve an end useful to the species. The antics of wooing birds, for instance, appear meaningless tomfoolery and pantomime from an observer's point of view, because Nature would have gained nothing by exaggerating the natural expressions of the bird's emotions in any special direction. In circumstances of peril, however,—especially of peril which threatens the existence of a whole family—the natural expressions of a bird's fear and anxiety have invariably been developed in some specially useful direction. In the case of the common greenfinch, to take a casual instance, you can hardly enter a thicket or shrubbery in spring without hearing a musically plaintive note, "Tee wee, tee wee," somewhere close by. This means that you are near a greenfinch's nest; but it is only by human reason and experience that you are able to draw this correct conclusion, and Nature's instincts were not designed to outwit rational man. The greenfinch merely calls out "Tee wee" because it is distressed by the presence of an enemy near its nest, but, this being a striking note which commands attention, its effect is to cause any ordinary enemy to look up for the bird, and to overlook the nest. So long as the nest is in danger the bird continues to utter its plaintive cry; but when the enemy is at last lured to a distance the greenfinch flies away with a twitter, which one is tempted to interpret as a chuckle of satisfaction at the success of its trick. As a matter of fact, however, the bird merely expressed its anxiety by calling out "Tee wee," and when cause for anxiety was removed resumed its ordinary twittering note. The part which Nature has played in converting the greenfinch's natural expressions of emotion into a means of saving the nest, has been simply to exaggerate and emphasise the expression of anxiety, until it has become a striking and plaintive note which commands attention. Nature has been able to do this, because those greenfinches whose notes of anxiety commanded most attention had the best chances of rearing their young; though the idea of deliberately enticing an enemy away from the nest has probably never entered into any greenfinch's mind. E. K. R.

"MANAGEMENT OF JERSEY CATTLE."

THE book which has just been brought out by the English Jersey Cattle Society through Messrs. Vinton and Co., though a second edition, contains a considerable amount of information which is not only interesting to all dairy farmers, but will certainly be new to many of them, as it is the result of very recent investigations. Like the first edition, it contains no "armchair theories," but is the outcome of many years' practical experience of successful Jersey breeders, being compiled by an editing committee from information received from numerous members of the society. The chapters on feeding and management, in health and disease, are equally applicable to any breed of dairy cattle; but as this society has, from the beginning, been the pioneer in practical tests, and has always encouraged strict record keeping in all branches, it is able to offer more exact statistics than are available of most other breeds.

The peculiar characteristics of the Jersey as a dairy animal pure and simple have conduced to the keeping of records by its admirers, and have led to the study and encouragement of all means by which cows may be profitably kept in the dairy for as many years as possible. Any accident or disease affecting breeding or milking powers is of comparatively little consequence, if the affected animals can be quickly and profitably fattened off. But this cannot be done in the case of a Jersey, and, broadly speaking, the more valuable a cow is in the dairy, the less she will fetch from the butcher; so it behoves the owner of a really good milker of any breed to guard against everything which may damage her dairy value with more than ordinary precautions.

This is fully recognised by modern Jersey breeders; indeed, it is one of the first articles of their creed to disregard "carcase value" altogether. They concentrate their energies on developing butter-making qualities, and on discovering the best means of keeping their animals in a profitable state for the longest possible time. This element of permanency is naturally attractive to those who farm for pleasure as well as profit, and, together with the fact that these cattle can be successfully shown in natural condition, has helped to swell the ranks of Jersey breeders with many persons who have leisure to undertake experiments, and the necessary education to make proper deductions from them. The experiences of many such breeders are embodied in this book, which includes chapters on general management and feeding, treatment at calving-time, and the particular diseases incidental thereto, abortion, sterility and other disorders, calf-rearing, cost of keep, and dairy records. *Apud* of the last, the present writer is inclined to think 620 gallons of milk too high as an average yearly yield of Jerseys in general, though this estimate is based on actual figures. But this high estimate is easily accounted for, as the only people able to furnish exact figures are those who keep milk records, and as these naturally tend to eliminate inferior milkers, the yield of herds whose records are kept is usually above the average of the breed as a whole.

The chapter on management goes far to disprove the idea that Jerseys are necessarily more delicate than other breeds. It shows incidentally that they are successfully kept under most varying conditions all over Great Britain, and not, as is often supposed, in the Southern Counties alone. One herd "has been established for over forty years on the borders of Scotland at an elevation of nearly 300ft. above the sea, and they are described as the best and hardiest of cows." Another, in Buckinghamshire, has existed for nearly 80 years under the most Spartan conditions, which few people would think possible for dairy cows of any breed. It is also shown that, contrary to common supposition, Jerseys are actually less prone to suffer from tuberculosis than many other breeds. In the Island of Jersey itself bovine tuberculosis appears to be non-existent, for no cattle tested there have ever reacted to tuberculin, and this fact is so well established that animals direct from the Islands are allowed to enter the United States without this trial by ordeal, a privilege enjoyed by no others in the world. But though in England and elsewhere Jerseys, like other cattle, not infrequently suffer from tuberculosis, it is probable in the light of recent discoveries that many cases of illness attributed to this disease are really due to an entirely different cause. The chapter dealing with this important subject is of exceptional interest; it is well worth the attention of all cattle-breeders throughout the kingdom, and the greatest credit is due to the editing committee for the trouble they have taken in collecting evidence on this point, and putting it into a popular and easily accessible form.

In cattle, as in most other animals, tuberculosis attacks various organs, and it has hitherto been supposed that the alimentary canal was a very common seat of infection; but it now seems probable that primary tubercular disease of the intestines is as rare in bovines as it is in adult human beings, and that the disease which has been commonly mistaken for it is caused by a minute meuratype worm, *Strongylus convolutus*. The existence of such a parasite in England was first demonstrated by Professor McFaydean in 1897, but the importance of his discovery seems to have been strangely overlooked by many veterinary surgeons, and by the agricultural community at large, for it is still commonly taken for granted that "wasters" are the victims of the dreaded tubercle bacillus. But as certain members of the Jersey Cattle Society had experienced considerable loss through "wasters," and were not satisfied with the general explanation of their condition, the editing committee of "Feeding and Management" requested all members who had been troubled in this way to give their experiences. The answers received were surprisingly similar. In almost every case the disease had been diagnosed as tuberculosis, but where the test was applied there was no reaction, and in almost every case where a post-mortem was made no tubercle was found. In the majority of cases the fourth stomach and intestines showed signs of inflammation; in others no cause of death could be discovered.

But one or two especially enterprising members had sent

cows, either alive or dead, to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons for diagnosis, and in these cases the disease was invariably pronounced to be "parasitic gastro enteritis." As the parasites are only discoverable by microscopic examination, it is not to be wondered at that they escaped notice in an ordinary post-mortem examination, and there is little doubt that the numerous unexplained cases were due to the same cause. Unfortunately, treatment had hitherto been of no avail, but when once the true nature of a thing is known there is more chance of finding an antidote; and though it is too early yet to speak with any certainty, a remedy which was tried within the last few months by the editor at the suggestion of Dr. Waddell of Potter's Bar appears to be effectual. This remedy is black jag tobacco, which has been used in Mr. Mathews's own herd

with excellent results. In two or three cases the animals have not only recovered condition, but have improved wonderfully in their milk yield, which had formerly failed almost entirely. Time alone will show whether the cure is permanent, but if it should prove to be so, the benefit to cattle breeders will be incalculable.

Among other diseases dealt with, scour in calves and "milk fever," or parturient apoplexy, are the most important, and it is noticeable that though in both of these prevention is considered better than cure, the replies of members who have tried the new Schmidt treatment for milk fever are unanimous in its favour. The book is throughout thoroughly practical and up-to-date, and no dairy farmer's library is complete without it.

THE BROADLAND SEASON.

A FEW weeks ago, just as the first cruisers of the season were venturing on to the waterways of Broadland, the surprising news was published in some of the London papers that the Norfolk wherry was doomed to disappear from the rivers of that delightful district, and that its place was to be taken by lighters, which were to be towed up and down the rivers by small steam tugs. An alarmist then went so far as to say that the wherries were already disappearing, and people who knew the Broadland, and were projecting cruises on the Yare, Bure, and Waveney, tried to picture to themselves what those slow-winding streams would be like without one of their most picturesque and familiar features. In imagination they looked in vain for the great dark sails looming across the level lowlands, and saw instead the wide horizon murky with the smoke of innumerable dingy steam tugs. They saw the quaint old staithes, still with their reed stacks and red-roofed sheds and granaries, but without the Dutch-like mast-heads standing out in striking silhouette against the sky. They thought of Wroxham Regatta without its wherry-race; of being fast on the Breydon "putty" with no passing wherryman to console them with the cheering information that they would get off all right next morning; and in the depths of their hearts they felt that Broadland could never be quite itself again! Even the unskilful cruiser in a stubborn old hired ark, who had often trembled in his shoes when he saw the Mary Ann of Stalham or the Wigeon of Loddon bearing steadily down upon him in some narrow reach, remembered the comforting "All right, mister!" of the stolid wherryman, and wondered what would have been his fate had he blocked the way of an unmanageable string of barges. In fact, everybody who knew anything about Broadland admitted that the news was bad news, and sincerely hoped that it was not true.

In reality there was little cause for alarm. It is true that one or two firms which are largely concerned in the water-carriage of cargoes from Yarmouth and Lowestoft to Norwich have found it answer their purpose to dismantle some of their old wherries and convert them into lighters, as by so doing large cargoes can be more speedily disposed of; but it is not at all likely that a similar course will be adopted generally. It is only on the fairly wide and deep waters of the Yare and Waveney between Lowestoft, Yarmouth, and the Norfolk capital that tugs and lighters can be conveniently used; on the higher and shallower reaches of the Waveney, and on smaller navigable streams like the Chet and the Ant, such a method of water-



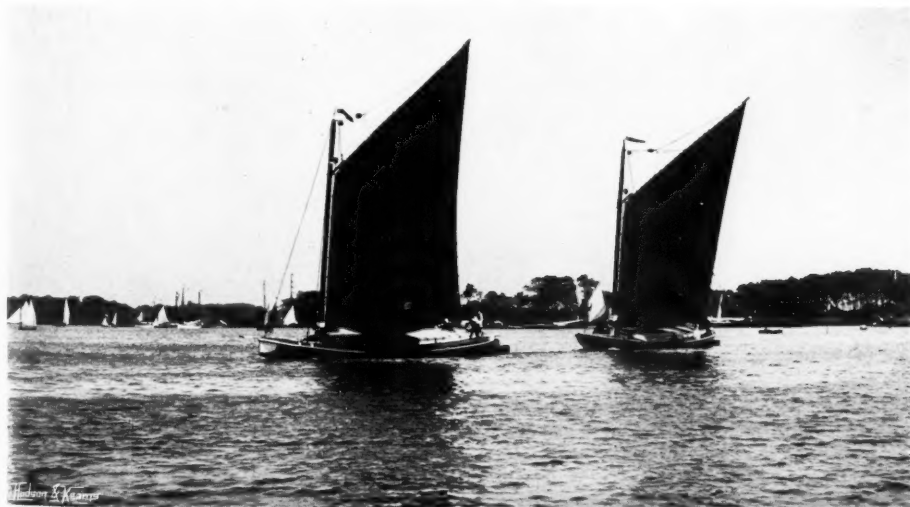
W. A. Rouch.

A FINE WHERRY.

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carriage is practically impossible. Besides, there are several owners of three or four wherries each who would not find it worth their while to adopt this system, even if their staithes were accessible to steam tugs, which many of them are not, either on account of the shallowness of the channels or the small arches of the bridges which span them. To and from such staithes as those at North Walsham, Stalham, Ranworth, Loddon, Coltishall, Aylsham, and Bungay cargoes must be conveyed by either sailing wherries, of which there are many, or steam wherries, of which there are very few. So it may safely be said that neither this generation nor the next need have much fear of being witness to the disappearance of the far-famed Norfolk wherry.

A matter of even greater interest and importance is the likelihood of Broadland maintaining its popularity as a holiday resort. There are a few persons who assert that the district will soon have "had its day," and as evidence in support of this assertion



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WHERRY-RACING.

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they point to one or two yacht-letters who, during the last year or two, have complained that there is no such demand for yachts as there used to be. This evidence is hardly conclusive. For many years a small number of yacht-letters had practically a monopoly of the catering for cruisers in Broadland, and during those years they undoubtedly reaped a good harvest of profit. In those days the demand for yachts exceeded the supply, and almost any boat that could be kept afloat, and into the cabin of which two, three, or more persons could squeeze, was engaged all through the summer months. Now things are different, and where one comfortable and manageable craft was obtainable there are a score. At Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Wroxham, Oulton, Potter Heigham, and elsewhere, there is a wholesome competition for cruisers' patronage, and as a natural result the average cruising yacht of to-day is a far better rigged and furnished craft than the average cruiser of fifteen or twenty years ago. This alone would seem to prove that as yet there has been little decline in Broadland's popularity, and when we also take into consideration that one by one the old river-side inns to which anglers and holiday-makers resort are being enlarged or rebuilt, and that there is hardly a village or hamlet in the district the resources of which are not taxed to the utmost every summer to provide accommodation for pleasure-seekers, we cannot but feel that

there are very slight grounds for croakers' dismal forebodings. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, as a yachting centre, Broadland

has ever been more popular than it is to-day. At no time, I believe, have the various yacht and sailing clubs of the district had more members than now, and never was the standard of racing higher or the type of competing craft better than during last year. At the present time the clubs have in all about forty annual fixtures, and the regattas held at Wroxham, Horning, Oulton, Acle, Potter Heigham, and Brundall are largely attended, and provide plenty of sport and enjoyment. Since the formation of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht and

Sailing Clubs Association—the business of which includes the adjustment of programmes so as to avoid clashing of dates—and the constitution of the association a court of appeal to which all questions and disputes may be referred, the management of the numerous fixtures has been very satisfactory.

For the ornithologist, Broadland is not now the paradise it used to be, but its avine and aquatic wild life is still of considerable interest. The ruffs, the avocets, the black terns, the bitterns, the harriers, the cormorants, and the black-tailed godwits are not now numbered among its breeding birds, and around many of the Broads where the "chinging" of the bearded titmouse was heard in summer that musical note is heard no more. But still the black-headed gull has its home on some of the Bure Broads, and its tern-like flight is a constant delight to the voyager; still the swallow-tail butterfly flutters among the brightly-blossomed marsh flowers; and still the rare marsh sow-thistle, the bog-orchis, the two-leaved liparis, and the holly-leaved naias may reward the searching of the persistent botanist. Throbbing



W. A. Rouch.

MANŒUVRING FOR THE START.

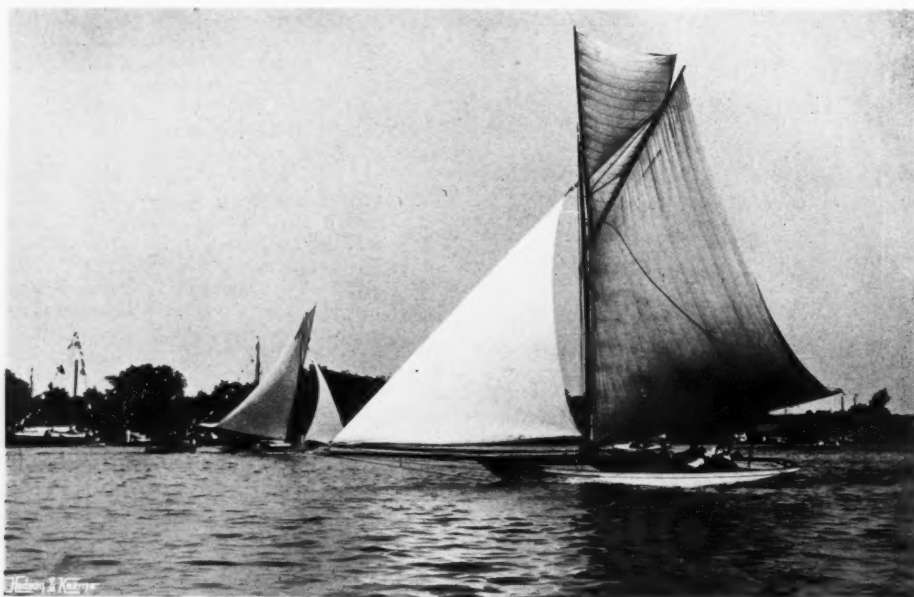
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ROUNDING THE MARK.

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W. A. Rouch.

A LONG BOWSPRIT.

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steamboats, heavily laden with clamorous trippers, may, perhaps, too often disturb the quietude of the contemplative angler on the main waterways; but for all that, the rivers and broads have not been robbed of all their charm. Almost everywhere, if one cares to seek for them, there are to be found quiet inlets where for hours together the reclusive visitor may dream day-dreams, and where he may be lulled to sleep at night by the whisper of the reeds and the singing of the reed-birds.

In the opinion of anglers the Norfolk Broads and rivers have in no way deteriorated. Last summer the catches of bream made at Hickling and Barton were as big as ever, and on the middle reaches of the Yare, Bure, and Waveney excellent sport was obtained. During the winter big pike were not wanting, and on Barton especially some fine fish were taken. On almost every Broad, excepting Oulton and Rockland, a charge of from 1s. to 2s. 6d. a day is now demanded—whether

legally or not is still a matter of dispute—but on the rivers, of course, the fishing is free. During the summer months good bream and roach fishing can generally be had on the Yare between Brundall and Cantley, on the Bure between Horning and Acle, and on the Waveney between Beccles and Oulton Dyke. On the last-named river the best roach-fishing is obtained near Beccles, and bream are most plentiful a little lower down-stream.

But while of good fishing there is plenty in Broadland for the ordinary visitor, of shooting there is now for him none at all, and should anyone be thinking of taking a gun with him on to the Broads this year, he had better change his mind and leave it at home. Under the Great Yarmouth Port and Haven Act of 1900 a bye-law has come into force which makes it illegal for anyone, unless he be a riparian owner, to use any fire-arm or air-gun on the rivers Yare, Bure, and Waveney.

WILLIAM A. DUTT.

THE SUSSEX DOWNS.

LIMITED in number though the highlands of England and Scotland are, they present a very great variety of scenery, and it would be interesting to enquire if the local names really convey any definite distinction. In the northern part of this island a hill is simply a hill or a mountain. As a rule, if it bear any vegetation at all, it is overgrown with heather if high, and if moderately low, with short green turf. The hill pastures of Roxburgh, Berwickshire, and Northumberland are simply low off-shoots of the mountain ranges; but if we come further south we find the hills become wolds, and if the journey be continued, these wolds are turned into downs. Originally, there may have been some great and striking difference between these varieties of high ground, that is to say, a hill pasture, a wold, and a down; but it would be rather difficult to draw up a distinction that would separate one from the other. Yet we all know that some such difference really exists; the wold of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, or Gloucestershire is essentially different from the down of Sussex or Wiltshire. It may only be due to accident, but we associate the down with chalk subsoil, and the grey and white of the downs in the southern part of the country are not easily forgotten.

"Green Sussex fading into blue, with one grey glimpse of sea," is a painting of a master of landscape; yet it gives only one part of the picture. The beauty of these graceful, undulating hills is as mutable as the colours of an opal; their height, contour, and impressiveness vary every few minutes. At one time they may appear as a dim, uncertain cloud-line, shadowy and unreal; at another as veritable ramparts, with all their northern face broken up into deep bays and jutting promontories, while, almost before one has time to note the transformation, mists may crown their summits and so exaggerate their height as to recall the glories of Wales or Scotland.

They are attractive throughout their whole length, but we always



A DOWNLAND SUNSET.

picture could render the exquisite and satisfying beauty of the originals, but those who know the district will find enough here to suggest the curious dreamy quiet which pervades these peaceful uplands.

Sheep form the figures natural to a down landscape, and as they slowly pass from ridge to hollow they emphasise the shape of the hills they traverse, while the tinkle of their bells, mellowed and muffled by distance, seems to heighten rather than disturb the surrounding silence. Shepherds entertain exaggerated ideas of the distance to which this sound travels, but if we say four or five miles we shall not be going beyond the mark. During one of the recent droughty summers a spirited discussion took place, in a London daily paper, as to whether sheep did or did not drink, and it was only terminated by the production of photographs similar to the one which we give. The heat and dryness of summer are almost felt as one looks at this picture.

Almost all the lanes leading to the downs have a pleasant smack of Devonshire about them, and lure one on by a succession of mysterious curves which always seem to be leading to a new kind of scenery; but with their woods and their quiet they are almost as dreamful as the hills themselves.

Of all the sights and sounds to be seen and heard throughout the long summer day in Downland, there is surely none to compare with those which accompany the hour



A DOWNLAND POND.



VIEW NEAR HARTING.

immediately preceding the sunset. Then the softly-rounded contours become lost in a luminous golden haze, at once ethereal and mystical, while the hollows fill with purple vapour that swallows up all detail, and slowly blots out every harsh and jarring line. It is an hour given over to enchantment, which memory cherishes and repeats like some old and well-loved melody.

THE MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF PASTEL.

LITTLE is known of the personality of Rosalba Carriera. All we know about her is that she was a Venetian, that she flourished in the early half of the eighteenth century, and—herein lies her importance for us—she was the first to treat pastel as a serious mode of expression. She executed some charming portraits in almost every country in Europe; but, like all the pastelists who succeeded her, she limited the medium to portraiture. Nowadays, since the revival—a revival which started in France some twenty or thirty years ago—the use of pastel has been extended to much wider and more varied fields. Modern artists have discovered that in outdoor work the medium is unrivalled for quickness; that it is capable of producing almost any effect in figure, animal, landscape, or in flower subjects; and that for intense sunshine it can convey an impression of light quite beyond the reach of oil painting. But the most striking feature of the modern development is the discovery of undreamed of possibilities in producing brilliant effects of pure colour.

Those who have sufficient interest in the subject can trace this development with the greatest ease in the exhibition opened recently at the galleries of the Royal Institute, Piccadilly. For their fifth exhibition the committee of the Pastel Society have had the happy and original idea of gathering together a roomful of works by the most celebrated pastelists of the eighteenth century. These are hung apart, in a room adjoining the members' works, so that all can be examined almost side by side. It is an interesting artistic experiment. Many of the old portraits are by artists whose works are scarcely known to the public, but which have been seen occasionally as they passed through the saleroom at Christie's. Others have been on the walls of old family mansions, and have never before been shown. It is extremely entertaining to pass from the delicately coloured portraits—for instance, of Rosalba Carriera, John Russell, R.A., or Francis Knapton—to the vigorous and robust reds and greens of Messrs. Gaston La Touche, Albert Besnard, or George Clausen.

With the exception of such masters as Degas and Whistler, Mr. Albert Besnard may be considered as our greatest living pastelists. In his work we find all the brilliance of colour of the modern school, and with it he has achieved some of the extreme delicacy and finish in the modelling which is so characteristic of the eighteenth century work. What could be more delicate in treatment and colour than the portrait of Miss Frances Hanbury-

Williams, afterwards Countess of Essex, by Francis Knapton, or than the small, exquisite portrait of Lady Mary Bertie, second wife of Miles Stapleton, with the large straw hat, soft grey wig, and the pink satin ribbons tied simply on the breast? Passing from the modern to the quiet, unobtrusive older works, the extreme seriousness, as well as the finish in the modelling and colour, strikes one. It is a finish which, in most cases, does not destroy the breadth or simplicity of the heads, but adds to them by giving a stronger sense of life and reality. Besides this delicate quality of colour, these portraits have a strength which comes from the admirable drawing. One would be pleased, indeed, at the present day to discover a portraitist at once so strong and so faithful as the Irish pastelists, Hugh Hamilton. Here is a draughtsman with the precision of an Ingres, and a better colourist than the Frenchman. This, by the way, is the first time any of Hamilton's works have been exhibited in London, and these leave one with a desire to see more. This highly-finished portraiture is in striking contrast to the very modern treatment of Mr. Simon Bussy's "W. E. Henley," hanging in the centre wall of the

West Gallery. Here an amusing and brilliantly-coloured decorative scheme has been derived from the arrangement of the background of books. Perhaps it would have been better had the interest of the picture been centred more exclusively in the head. In the present arrangement, excellent as it is, one has to look for the chief interest in the picture—the portrait.

In the development of landscape and figure subjects the works of Messrs. Charles Cottet, Emile Claus, Le Sidaner, Pointelin, George Clausen, Ménard, and La Touche, show what interesting and varied results can be obtained. These are all artists whose oils are well known in the Salons or the Academy, and whose pastels have as much, if not more charm than their paintings. But the peculiar pleasure derived from pastel is difficult to describe. It is so often our sense of colour alone that is appealed to, as in the series of fishing-boats at Concarneau by Mr. Terrick Williams. At other times it is the quality of execution that pleases, as in the work of Mr. Livens.

For examples of what can be done in the medium in the treatment of animals, we have but to glance at such pictures as



TREYFORD DOWN.

Mr. Josselin de Yong's powerfully-drawn horses at a pool, at Mr. Swan's "Puma," Mr. Bruckman's "In the Stable" and "Shepherdess," or Mr. Gaston Guignard's romantic cattle and sheep motives.

One point at least is determined by the exhibition of these eighteenth century pastels. Our modern pastellists need have no fears for the durability of the medium. It would be satisfactory, indeed, could we see the oil paintings of Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, and Turner in the excellent state of preservation we find these pastels by Rosalba, Russell, Hone, Knapton, and Downman. It is regrettable that no works by La Tour could be shown, for they, too, have withstood the ravages of time to a remarkable degree. E. S. S.

IN THE GARDEN.

A FEW REMARKS UPON SIZE IN FLOWERS, FRUITS, AND VEGETABLES.

THIS is a vexed question in the minds of many garden-lovers. Size in flowers, fruits, and vegetables is usually a test of good cultivation. On this account there is a tendency to exaggeration of size which is out of all good taste in flowers, whilst in fruit and vegetables it reaches in many cases the point of deterioration. Colour, form, and fragrance—when it is inherent—are points in flowers which should take precedence of mere size. Not that size is by any means to be always depreciated. Few people find fault with a perfect Malmesbury Carnation because it rivals in size its namesake the Rose, but size in the Chrysanthemum has perhaps reached its climax, and a better taste is beginning to prevail. Let us have size by all means, but not at the expense of refinement of character. Exaggeration in size as a rule, unfortunately, means coarseness of growth, and consequent loss of beauty. In horticulture, as in most things, the middle course is safest and best. There is such a thing as feeding too highly. We know a case of magnificent spikes of Mignonette received from a market grower so tainting and discolouring the water in which they were placed that it was impossible, in spite of changing the water, to use them for drawing-room decoration. The same practice of feeding too strongly occurs too often with vegetables, especially of the Brassica tribe, notably Cauli-flowers, and a timely word of caution may not be amiss. This refers more particularly to the neighbourhood of London and large cities rather than to the country. Mother Earth is a great deodoriser, as we all know, and beneficent in transmitting waste products into gold, but there is a point beyond which she will not go, and no rule of health will she allow to be broken. Rank growth of this nature is deleterious in the extreme.

Vegetables in almost all cases should heart in a young state, therefore a strain which attains a reasonable size quickly offers a distinct advantage. The grower naturally wishes to produce fine specimens for the table, and the temptation is to leave them until size is attained, by which time quality is sacrificed. In judging vegetables, therefore, the early attainment of size might be made a telling point for or against any particular variety.

Exception proves the rule, for Cucumbers and Vegetable Marrows should always be cut at an early stage; but these, though strictly speaking fruits, rank as vegetables. But urgent stress should be laid upon quality of flavour and colour before size in fruits. Grapes, Peaches, and Pears will all furnish instances of great size and fine appearance, in which—like big fortunes seen only from the outside—looks are often both deceptive and disappointing. It is a great question whether we ought to make two bites at a Strawberry, though undoubtedly the large fruit is the most tempting in the basket or in the dish. In cooking Apples and Pears size is a distinct merit, as it saves waste in paring, and we not only get it, *e.g.*, in such a sort as Golden Noble, but excellence of appearance and quality as well as productiveness into the bargain. But for dessert fruit, as a rule, a medium size is far to be preferred, though few people grumble at a ripe William Pear which, taken at the right moment, combines all other good qualities with its noble proportions. It is clear, therefore, that size is a great merit, though not of the first importance, and must give way the moment it begins to encroach on quality. Another point to be remembered is that to obtain size production must be unduly restricted, and an even crop, whether of flowers, vegetables, or fruit, is much more to be desired for the food of the homestead than a few overgrown specimens to place upon the show-board.

SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW PLANTS.

Several beautiful hardy flowers have been shown lately, and the following we have made special note of for some conspicuous quality.

Eastern Poppy Mrs. Roscoe.—Of the many forms of *Papaver orientale* this is one of the best. It was shown by Mr. R. C. Notcutt of the Nurseries, Woodbridge, at the recent exhibition in Holland Park, and attracts by the purity of its salmon scarlet colouring. For its colour we should give this Poppy pride of place among its fellows, but in addition to this fresh and enduring charm there is a pretty form; the flower is somewhat cup-like in shape, and there is a solidity about it that suggests a less fleeting life, but without sacrificing the naturally wild and picturesque look of the most brilliant of all Poppies.

Killarney.—We were surprised at a recent show to hear the comments

of the visitors before a vase of the Killarney Rose. It has held our affections since its appearance several years ago, and we thought every visitor to a flower show was familiar with its graceful form, clear and bright pink colouring, and freedom of bloom and growth. Killarney is a pretty Rose with a pretty name.

Lilium auratum platyphyllum (Shirley variety).—We noticed this superb Lily in the group from Messrs. Wallace and Co. at the Holland House Show. It has wonderful vigour of spike and growth, the stems over 6ft. high, and supporting noble blooms, which are creamy white, relieved by a central band of gold. It was discovered, we believe, by Mr. Wilks in his garden at Shirley, near Croydon, and marked as something unusual among the forms of *Lilium auratum*. We wish this glorious flower would behave itself, but its ways are erratic. Sometimes it lives from year to year without deteriorating; more often, however, it simply dies away after the first year's burst of bloom. Perhaps the Shirley variety will be less disappointing. We hope so.

Nicotiana Sanderæ.—We think Messrs. Sander and Sons of St. Albans have given to the world a flower that will take a great place in the gardens of the future. It is a Tobacco not of economic importance, but combining the virtues of the noble-leaved red-flowered *N. rubra* and the white sweetly-scented *N. affinis*, which is a general favourite throughout Europe. *N. Sanderæ* is a clear rose pink shade, the leaves are large without coarseness, and the growth is sturdy. It is to be hoped it will come true from seed, as *N. affinis* does. There are now three Tobaccos for the ordinary English garden—*N. Sanderæ*, *N. affinis*, and *N. sylvestris*.

LETTERS FROM . . . SOMALILAND.

By MRS. ALAN GARDNER.

BERBERA is the most convenient port to start from for an expedition into Somaliland. Camels can be bought there and men hired for the caravan; so we sent Yusuf, our head man, on before to make all necessary arrangements. Meanwhile we remained at Aden, and were most hospitably entertained at Government House. After a week's wild packing of innumerable stores, mingled with polo matches, dances, and dinners, on Christmas Eve we started in the local pig-boat bound for Berbera, and after three days, which I do not want to remember, arrived at our destination.

We found the invaluable Yusuf had everything prepared, and the next day we started our caravan, of about forty camels and men, on ahead to the foot of the mountains on the Hargeisa road. This, about thirty miles, is a hot, dusty two days' march, and Alan and I and Cann—my English maid—proposed to canter



BREAKING UP THE CAMP.

out a couple of days later. On the night of January 2nd we were aroused almost before we had gone to sleep, and after a hasty cup of coffee jumped on our ponies. Cann, who had never before left England, mounted a camel with the greatest courage, but, alas! she had not gone a mile before the saddle began to slide over the beast's tail, and we found her with a Somali on each side supporting her legs, whilst half-a-dozen others vainly entreated the camel to "sit down." This he apparently objected to do on principle, and groaned and grunted as if he were about to die. However, everything was put right at last, and we were off again. But it was a cruel march over an endless desert, varied only by an occasional yellow shrub, and destitute of all signs of life. Everything was dead and copper-coloured. I thought the day would never end; the sun gave one a fearful headache, and our poor little ponies were quite done



WATERING THE CAMELS.

up. I began to think I should end as a new babe in the wood, and that the lions and hyenas would have to cover me up with leaves—if they could find any—for I had just announced I could go no further, when, plodding to the top of a little slope, we saw our tents not a hundred yards off, just at our feet. Yusuf had all the men drawn up in line with shouldered rifles, and shouted "Present arms!" which was done, according to each man's own fashion, as we rode up. They were all grinning like Christy Minstrels, and evidently thought it an excellent joke, for nothing delights a Somali more than playing at soldiers, and they never miss a chance of a drill. Poor Cann did not arrive till an hour later. She was very plucky, and did not complain, but must have been very tired after thirteen hours on a camel for the first time in her life.

The next day we began to get out of the sandy desert, and there was a little stream, two or three palms, and some green grass. It seemed ages since I had seen anything green, and the ponies were so excited that they ran to and fro, not knowing whether to eat or drink first. Their usual drink is the soapy water their masters have used for washing, but they seem to like it. And when I say "stream," you must not picture a purling English brook. The sandy Somali stream-bed holds only an occasional stagnant pool, and if you want cleaner water you must dig a hole in the dried-up river-bed and wait till

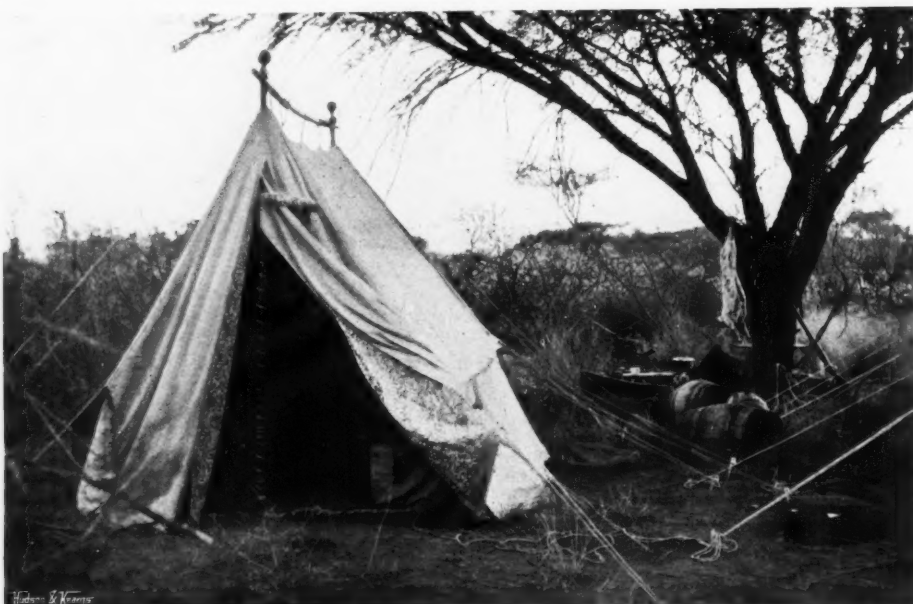
tins, and it was with fear and trembling I gave him a tin, explaining that it was English preserved mutton. He grinned,



COOKING OPERATIONS.

and said he knew very well what it was, but that we must not let the others find out that it was pig. Certainly he had no scruples, and indeed ate rather more than his fair share. As there is no game about here, we were rather short of meat, but a present of a sheep was sent us from one of the tribes near by. It was a huge ram, evidently the patriarch of the flock, and we returned it, saying that the gift was too magnificent, but if they had a young lamb we would accept it. The offer was not so generous as it seems, for the recipient of such favours is expected to send in return a present of so many yards of calico, and they are very particular as to the quantity and quality of the cloth they receive in exchange.

The water at this camping ground was very good, and we filled up all our casks before leaving. The change a little water effects in hot countries is extraordinary. As far as the eye can see is a bare sandy plain sparsely sprinkled with a scrubby thorn and cactus. But wherever the smallest water-pool is, palms and green trees and grass spring up as if by magic. Of course during the heavy tropical rains everything is green, but it soon dries up. If the



OUR TENT.



DRAWING WATER.

tracking the spoor through a small valley I made out with the glasses the wounded buck lying down just above them, hidden by a slight rise in the ground. I could not make a sign, lest the animal should see me, and it was most annoying when they gave it up and Alan shouted for his pony, the gerenuk immediately trotting out of sight. Fortunately we got him later in some thick scrub, for we badly wanted meat for the men.

The weather continued very hot, over 85deg. in the shade, and we were very glad to reach the Gerato Pass on January 8th. From here it is a steep ascent, and naturally a cooler climate and better water. We had hardly got into camp when news came that another sahib was coming. Soon after Colonel Swayne arrived and had tea with us, while—I was going to say—his tents were being pitched; but he does not indulge in such luxuries. He and his aide-de-camp, Mr. Benyon, were travelling in the roughest fashion, sleeping on the ground, and with a very limited supply of cold mutton in their haversacks. We invited them to dinner, and had Julienne soup, boiled salmon, roast saddle of mutton, and curried gazelle, followed by an apricot tart and devilled sardines. This feast consisted principally of what the Americans call "canned goods," but we all felt we had attained the height of civilisation, and that no city alderman could desire more. It is true our tent was very small, and there was only just room for the table between our two beds, on which we and our guests had to sit. But the front was thrown wide open, and let in the light of the huge white moon, set in the blue-black heavens like Dante's "ever-during pearl." It was almost as bright as day, and the country was visible for miles round bathed in the soft white rays.

The evening ended in a friendly rivalry between our men and Colonel Swayne's as to who could build the highest zeriba round the camps. It did not matter that neither hostile tribes nor savage animals were within reach, and to make all doubly safe Yusuf mastered a parade and posted two sentries for the night. Alan insisted that their rifles should not be loaded, and it ended in a compromise that only blank cartridge should be used.

country were settled and water stored for irrigation, it would take a high place in grain-producing lands.

We saw a few gazelles that day, and in the afternoon we left the caravan to go after some gerenuk. These are small brown antelopes with abnormally long necks, quite like miniature camels. Alan got a long shot at a good buck, but hit him a little too high. We followed for an hour, and whilst Alan and his shikari were

Sleep was a difficulty owing to the sentries, who chanted a dirge we took to be their evening hymn. At last Alan told the nearest sentry not to say his prayers so loudly, and was answered with hurt surprise that it was a love-song they were singing. But everything ends, and at last all were wrapt in slumber—sentries included.

ROYAL ASCOT.

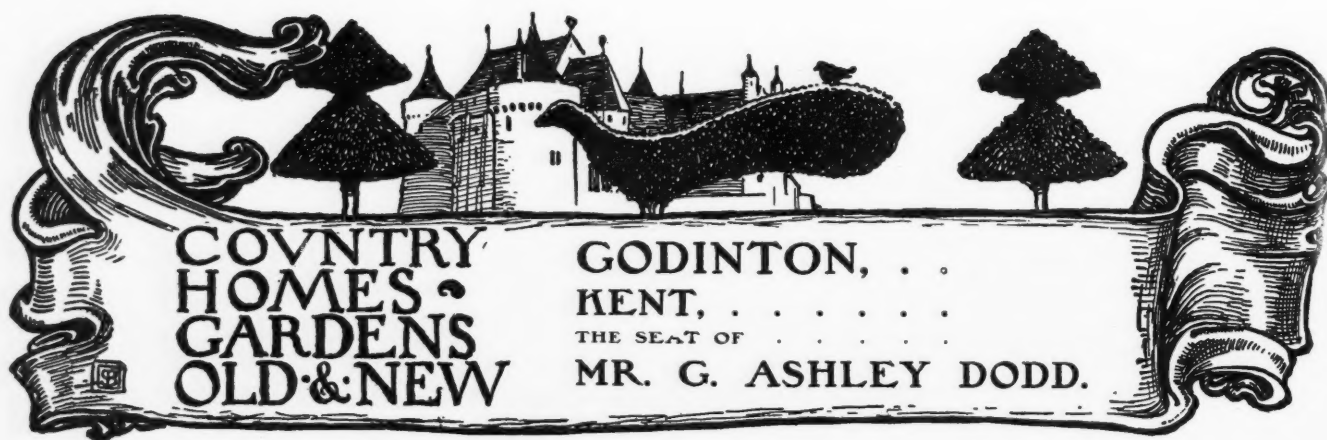
IN "A History of Royal Ascot" (Trehearne), which the authors, Messrs. George James Cawthorne and Richard S. Herold, claim to be the first complete history of the Ascot Race Meeting, there is plenty in detail to interest one, and stories to engross the attention of those to whom horse-racing is a part of their everyday life. This book is well produced, and it is only to be regretted that it was not published earlier in the year; this is for their sake only. A more serious quibble, it is quite fair to state, is the rather careless way in which some data is passed without correction. There is so much good in "Royal Ascot" that it was a pity to mar such an ambitious and effective work by careless "reading." We are told, among other things, that Chifney, in 1791, rode the Prince of Wales's Baronet over two miles in 2min. 33sec.! Ascot was a merry place in the olden time, when there was plenty of diversion to be had before the races, in the intervals between-whiles, and after the last race was finished at four o'clock. In the days of Queen Anne, who herself selected the "Common" as the best hippodrome procurable in the country—this was in 1711, the first meeting being held on August 11th of that year—the stakes, of course, were small, but the Queen gave the first "Plate of 100 guineas" herself. Events were then run in three heats. The first meeting was a big success, and Queen Anne was delighted, and patronised the meeting, and founded the custom of Royal processions. From the death of the Queen in 1714 there was no Ascot until 1720. George I. did not encourage racing—in fact, he rather disapproved of it—but he gave a lukewarm countenance and also a 100-guinea cash prize instead of the Plate. George II. had no more liking for the sport than his father, but racing at Ascot was flourishing of itself. Sunninghill and Windsor were great holiday summer resorts of the classes in those days, and Ascot was so adjacent. Balls were given in the neighbourhood, and gaming was on a high scale, in booths on the course and all round. One had to be well armed and escorted if one wished to carry away winnings, too. All sorts of people were ready to ease the lucky backer of his notes and gold. The first mention of a Cup being raced for was in 1772, when the Duke of Cumberland instituted a race for five year olds over a four-mile course. It obtained a very aristocratic subscription. It fizzled out into a walk over, however, but grew in importance and became the Gold Cup in 1807. In 1783 riders, who had hitherto dressed as they liked, were made to declare their colours, "to be inserted in the printed papers."



A TYPICAL SCENE.



AMONGST THE HILLS.



THE interiors of the ancient house at Godinton, or Godington, in Kent, which we illustrate, have a sumptuous richness which will impress everyone. We may go far, indeed, before we discover such a wealth of carving and adornment elsewhere, and even in a shire which includes such places as Penshurst and Knole, Surrenden Dering and Leeds Castle, Godinton House stands forth as in many ways remarkable. It has been possessed by those who have loved it, and have therefore adorned it, and the exceeding richness of its craftsmanship, the positive incrustation of beauties, is partly explained by the fact that a former possessor was a great collector of ancient carved woodwork. His house was already rich, but he further enriched it, and was extraordinarily successful in bringing together valuable pieces of ancient work, mostly of the fourteenth century, which are now in many parts of the structure. In our pictures what is shown belonged mostly to Godinton originally, but here and there the

discerning eye may detect an alien feature. Purists may, perhaps, raise an objection to the intermingling of the work of different periods collected from various places; but let us not undervalue the zeal and the love for old things displayed in this place, when we witness so plentiful a lack of that spirit everywhere throughout the land. Indeed, we cannot but be gratified to find that the house at Godinton has grown in its perfections, while so many places have wasted away. Nor can it be said that we should regret the display of individual taste, when that taste is good. It is better that Godinton should be adorned with congruous things than that it should have had intruded into it commonplace or ordinary examples of modern work.

Godinton is an ancient place in the south-western part of the parish of Great Chart, and lies upon the north bank of the river Stour, about two miles north-west of Ashford. Architecturally the existing house belongs mostly to Tudor and Stuart times, and, generally speaking, the internal fittings





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"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE ANCIENT STAIRWAY, 1628.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

conform to the latter period. Anciently a family taking its name from the place resided at Godinton, and Simon, Lucas, and John de Godinton are mentioned in early times. William of the name was living at Godinton about the year 1380, but, before the end of the reign of Richard II., he had disposed of his interest in it to Richard, Simon, and John Champneys, who, a few years later, sold the manor and estate to Thomas, the younger son of John Goldwell of Goldwell. Weever, in his "Funeral Monuments," describes an altar tomb in the church to William Goldwell and his wife, belonging to about the year 1485, which, between every word of the inscription, had the representation of a well, probably gilded originally, as a rebus of

the family name. The son of William Goldwell of Godinton, Thomas, had a daughter Avice, who married Robert a Roe, but left no children. Godinton therefore passed to the husband of Thomas's sister Joan—Thomas Toke of Bere Court—who thus became heir-general of the Goldwells of Godinton, and by the Tokes Godinton House, as it now exists, was built and mostly adorned. The members of this family, whose name is sometimes spelt Tuke or Tucke, are supposed, though without knowledge, to have descended from the Sieur Touque who is named in the "Roll of Battle Abbey." Thoroton, in his "History of Nottinghamshire," says that the Tokes were settled in that county as early as the reign of William Rufus, and gives

a pedigree in which the family name is spelt in seventeen different ways. Robert de Toke, who is the first of the family in the pedigree, was present with Henry III. at the battle of Northampton, and from him descended the Tokes of Bere Court, of whom John was living in the time of Henry V. and Henry VI. It was John Toke's son, Thomas, that married Joan Goldwell, heiress of Godinton, and thus brought the place into the family that possessed it for centuries. To his eldest son Ralph he left the estate at Bere, while his younger son John had Godinton by will, and resided there. He appears to have been a man of some note in his time, for he had an augmentation of honour to his arms from Henry VII. as a reward for his expedition when despatched on a message to the French King. This augmentation took the form of an additional coat of arms, being argent, on a chevron, between three greyhounds' heads erased, sable, collared or, three plates. The Tokes of Godinton afterwards

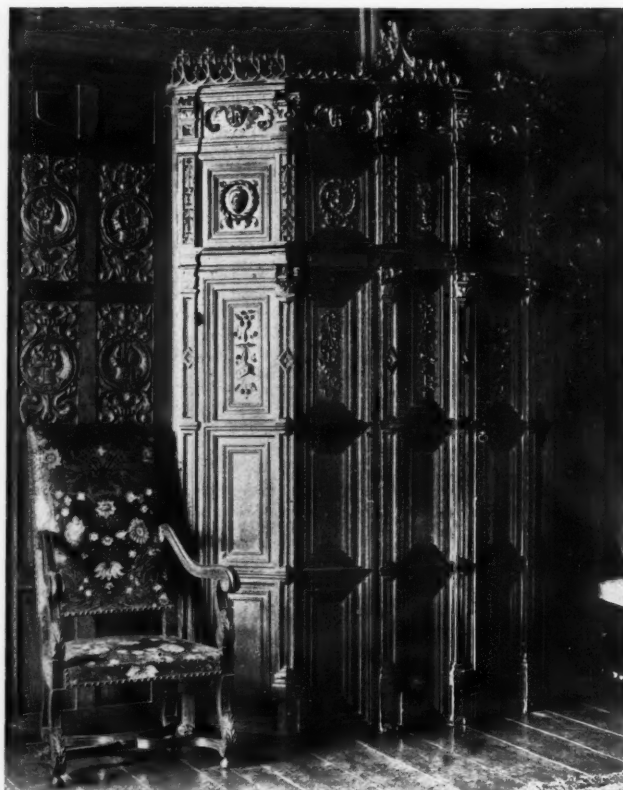
bore the coat in their first quarter, placing the original arms of Toke in the second place.

The grantee died in 1513, and was succeeded by his son John Toke, who died at the age of eighty in 1565. His wife was Cecilia, daughter of Sir Thomas Kempe of Ollantigh, and some objects from that place were brought to Godinton. We may now refer to a member of the family near akin to the proprietor of Godinton, who was a man of note at the court of Henry VIII. Sir Brian Toke, or Tuke, whose father, or grandfather, is said to have been tutor to Thomas Howard, second Duke of Norfolk, was the King's bailiff at Sandwich in 1509, Clerk of the Signet in 1512, J.P. for Kent in 1516, and knight of the King's body in 1517. He was afterwards appointed "governor of the King's posts," and deserves honour as having been an early worker in the organisation of the postal service. Toke had acted as secretary to Wolsey, and, being introduced at court, became French



secretary to the King. He conducted an enormous correspondence, and there are over 600 references to him in a single volume of Brewer's "Letters and Papers" of the King's reign. In 1528 he was one of the commissioners to treat for peace with France, and he became treasurer of the household in 1533. In his later years Sir Brian Tuke ceased to have any close relations with his own county of Kent, and received large grants of property in Essex, including Layer Marney—the place with the famous tower of brick—and there he died in 1545. Six portraits of him are attributed to Holbein, and it is interesting to know that it was Tuke's business officially to pay the Court portrait painter's salary. One of these pictures descended to Mr. John Leslie Tuke of Godinton.

There was another member of the family who secured great local celebrity, and was evidently a man of weight and importance in Kent. This was Captain Nicholas Tuke of Godinton, great-grandson of the John Tuke referred to above, who married Cecilia Kempe. Captain Tuke was sheriff of Kent in 1663, and lived until 1680, when he died at the age of ninety-three. He is buried in the chancel of the church with his five wives, the last of whom was Lady Diana, fourth daughter of Thomas Earl of Winchelsea. A local tradition avers that, at the age of ninety-two or ninety-three, this redoubtable veteran, having lost Lady Diana, walked all the way from Godinton to London in quest of a successor. Fate, however, was against him, and he was taken ill and died. His estate passed to his nephew and heir at law, Nicholas Tuke of Wye, son of his next brother, Henry Tuke, M.D., for the old captain had left only daughters. It would appear that the new possessor did much to adorn the house, for his initials are over the mantel at the north end of the gallery, and there are indications in other parts of the house. He kept the shrievalty for the county at Godinton in 1693, and was knighted in the following year. We shall pass rapidly over the succeeding members of the family. Nicholas's son John was twice member for East Grinstead. Then came another Nicholas, who died in 1757, and was succeeded by John Tuke of Godinton, who was living there in the early part of the last century. This gentleman was a great worker at the old house, which he did much to adorn. His son, Mr. Nicholas Roundell Tuke, who married the daughter of Sir Bouchier Wrey of Tawstock, Devon, carried on the work, and restored the house, removing some disfigurements, and adding much to the beauties of the place. He was succeeded at Godinton by his brother, the Rev. William Tuke, rector of Barnston, Essex, grandfather of Colonel John Leslie Tuke, V.D., who now lives at Bucksford, near Ashford, also in the parish of Great Chart. Bucksford was formerly in the hands of the Tokes, coming to Richard, second son of the John Tuke who died



Copyright THE CONFESSIONAL IN THE HALL. "C.L."

in 1565. One of our illustrations will indicate the external character of the house which contains so many beautiful things. The structure has its modest beauties, and presents the features of various times. Its eastern front is ancient, and there is more modern work on the north. The porch, the projecting wing, the mullioned windows, and the curved gable front, present the general aspect of the Stuart house, and the exteriors and interior correspond in style and feeling. The improvements effected by Mr. John Tuke about the end of the eighteenth century, and the important work carried out by his successor, Mr. Nicholas Roundell Tuke—who devoted his energies to the removal of some incongruous features which had been introduced, and to the general restoration of the house, and who added to it many beautiful things—as well as the judicious and loving care of succeeding owners, have made the house at Godinton what it is.

The great hall is a very noble apartment most sumptuously finished and adorned. Its great tie-beam, which is seen supporting the kingpost and roof, is worthy of note, being finely moulded, and because the wood is chestnut. Here it may be observed that the chestnuts in the park are of noble size and great magnificence. Anciently the wood was not much used for construction. The panelling in the hall as elsewhere is very richly carved, and there is a beautiful open screen between the hall and lobby. The same richness characterises the adornments of the mantel-piece, which we think were not all originally in this position. The effect, however, is harmonious and good. The arched doorways, the excellent details of cornices and structural and ornamental work, make this room particularly interesting, and invest it with much individuality and charm. Here and in other parts of the house there is an uninterrupted series of family portraits from the days of Henry VIII. to the present time, by Holbein, Janssen, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, and others. Among them is an excellent portrait of Captain Nicholas Tuke, whose name has been mentioned, indicating clearly the vigour of his constitution and character. The armorial glass is also noteworthy, and, though it appears to be mostly, or all, of modern origin, from the excellent hand of Willement, it is interesting as giving the various shields of the Tokes and their connections.

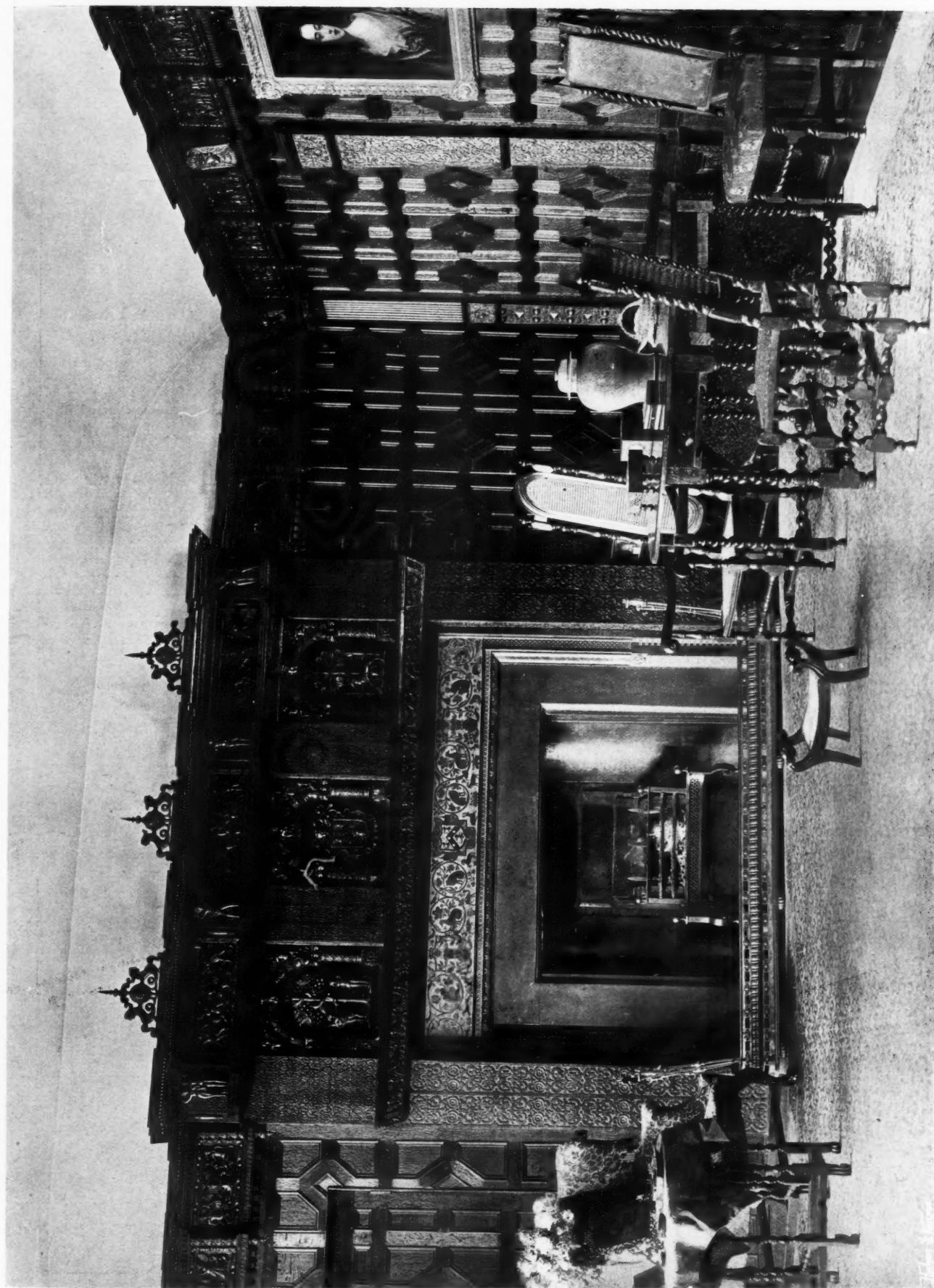
The ancient stairway is even more elaborate in its carvings than the hall, and the effect is of great richness and beauty. The newel-posts are carved from base to summit with arabesques, grotesques, and armorial achievements, and support heraldic birds and animals with shields. The balustrade is of excellent turned oak, and the handrail is adorned with the twisted vine pattern. So we ascend amid rare masterpieces of handicraft to the gallery, finding everywhere things of interest or beauty. Let us not quarrel with the juxtaposition of Renaissance panelling and



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THE PRIEST'S ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE SOUTH END OF DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

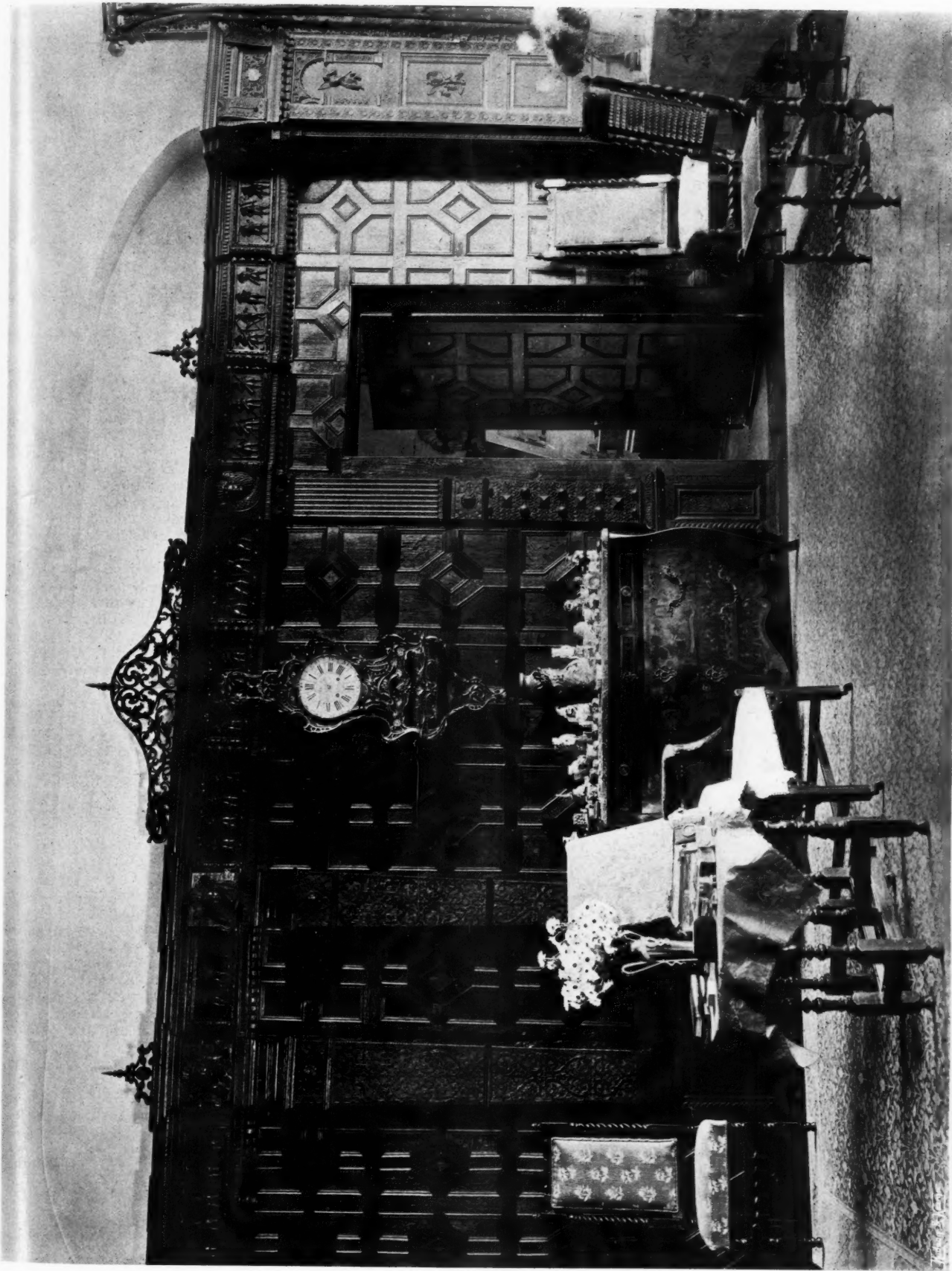
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A RICHLY-CARVED STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE NORTH END OF DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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fourteenth century tracery. In the windows have been collected many shields of arms with the quarterings and matches of the family which were formerly distributed throughout the house. In the glass are several badges of the Kempes, brought from Ollantigh, a daughter of that house having married the Mr. John Toke who died in 1565.

The drawing-room is another grand apartment, panelled with square and diagonal wainscoting from floor to ceiling. The panelling is divided by pilasters, some fluted and some richly carved. Round the cornice is a peculiarly interesting and most unusual representation of the old exercises of the militia, showing them with their matchlocks and rests engaged in drill. Nowhere in England is there anything so curious of the kind. In other parts of the frieze are hunting scenes, while some of the panels are filled with characteristic Renaissance carving. A cabinet of Louis XVI. and a fine clock of the same period have their places with earlier furniture. The chimney-piece is of Bethersden marble, as is the case with some other chimney-pieces in the house.

The fireplace at the north end of the gallery, framed between book-shelves, is particularly rich, and bears the date 1671, with the initials of Nicholas Toke and his wife. The very unusual panels are divided by coupled Corinthian columns, and above in the cornice, which is most richly worked, are the Toke arms and the "Pelican in her Piety"—the desert bird,

"Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
To still her famished nestlings' scream."

The one thing which the lover of perfection in old houses may miss at Godinton is adornment of the ceilings, the ancient plaster-work appearing in the course of centuries to have been mostly swept away.

The same character of richness is found elsewhere in this most remarkable house. Yet a later touch will be discovered in the china-room, where classic columns flank the stairs, and the form of the mantel may well belong to the period of Anne or the Georges. In the priest's room we discover the older character, with the richly-carved archings over the fireplace, and elaborate panelling and moulding. There is something of composite character in the mantel-piece, but it is all very charming. One of our illustrations shows in greater detail a very characteristic work of the wood-carver's chisel. It is the overmantel in the library, which has a central arched compartment, two flanking arches, with carved heads in the panels, and four figures supporting an architrave, with panels and dentils. It is a very curious and interesting composition, and is quite indicative of much of the work at Godinton.



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OVER CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The place is surrounded by very beautiful and attractive gardens. They are not the old gardens, it is true, but are of good character, and were laid out and the shrubberies planted about the year 1770, the work being done by Mr. Driver, a well-known gardener of the time. The trees are now of surprising size, and show the great fertility of the soil, and there is a good piece of water in the grounds. All these external features of pleasant surroundings and architectural merit should be linked with the unusual character of the splendid interiors. Godinton has been fortunate in its possessors. Built by the Tokes, the existing house remained for hundreds of years in the same family, and was passed from father to son, each new possessor doing something according to his taste and the style of his time to add to the beauty of the place. In judicious hands some excrescences were removed, and now Godinton is noteworthy as a place which has not only escaped destruction and decay, but has found those who have had a real pleasure in adding to its adornments.

A WINDING HEDGEROW.

A GIRL and a hedger, who was likewise a ditcher, had a difference of opinion about the advisability of walking on the edge of a freshly dug ditch. The man's sorrowful indignation impressed upon the girl's understanding that there was more skill in making a hedge or ditch than met the eye, and, with natural enthusiasm for a new art, she set about learning it there and then. One of the charms of any fresh knowledge is the meeting with and comprehending hitherto meaningless words. In hedging they have an old-fashioned sound, such as cop, quickset, dub, and plashing. A cop is the name for a hedge raised on a bank. Before planting a hedge, the ground should be prepared, dug a spit deep, and if low and swampy, a sloping ditch should be made, and a bank raised with the earth taken out of the ditch, and the bushes planted on the top; if the ground is high and dry, the bushes should be planted at the bottom of the bank, and no ditch should be made, as it drains the moisture from the roots.

A quickset hedge means a living hedge, hawthorns being often used for the purpose; they are called quicks. The autumn is the best time to plant them, when about three years old; if planted at an angle of 45deg. instead of upright they throw out more branches. To dub is to give a quick stroke with a slashing-hook, instead of clipping the hedges. A skilled hedger dubs upwards; this prevents the stems from splitting, and rain cannot lodge in and decay them. Hedges should be dubbed twice a year, and cut right



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A GARDEN IN WINTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in or down once in eight years; they should be trimmed conically, then every part is equally exposed to light, air, and rain. If cut perpendicularly, the lower branches perish and cause gaps in the hedge. The best way to fill a gap is by plashing, which means layering the lower stems, namely, cutting half through the stem underneath a shoot, and pegging it into the ground, so that roots will form through the cut. Having mastered the craft of a hedger, albeit only in theory, all hedges became of interest to the girl, but the one she knew best is rapidly disappearing. It has had to give way to buildings and wire fences, for in these frugal days the fiat has gone forth against hedges on the score of expense, taking up of space above, and encroachment of hungry roots below ground. Bacon says that hedges should be built upon "carpenter's works," and most hedges have a temporary fence to protect the young bushes from the browsing of cattle. In parts of this hedge, oak saplings upheld by forked branches were used as a rail. The age of each

and partook of Nature's bounty, repaying her by being clever hedgers.

For instance, it is almost a hopeless task to fill up a gap in an old hedge with a new shrub; unless the bank is pulled to pieces, and fresh sods put in it, the shrub is sure to die; but often a bird drops a seed or berry into the earth, and it flourishes into a strong bush. At last the bank grew ever lower, until it merged into the ditch, through which water ran; by the side grew the common ash and the white willow. Thus ended the hedge proper.

In the days before the ubiquitous bicycle, the girl often walked in blissful solitude along this hedge. She watched the hawthorns wax and wane. First came leaves of fresh young green, a yearly miracle, on gnarled, lichen-stained old branches, presently to be decked with white blossoms like a bride; then the leaves reddened to the colour of the haws, and once again the thorny boughs were bare, for at the first breath of winter the



A. H. Robinson.

FORD NEAR FLODDEN.

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tree and bush cannot be vouched for, but the road was hedged and ditched at least in the reign of "Our Lord Sovereign the King in Eltham" (Henry VIII.), for it is mentioned in a survey under the heading of "Presentment of Highways." Either through the changeable soil or unskilled dubbing, the hedge was luxuriant in places, stunted in others. It extended for some distance, dividing the road from fields. It began with a row of tall wych elms, followed by low bushes of elm, maple, beech, hornbeam, and prim-leaved evergreen privet, planted in regular order; but then the hedge grew wild, and there came a thick tangle of briars, brambles, star-studded blackthorns, twice-flowering hazels, purple-berried alder buckthorn, elders, crabs, and box trees, aged to thick grey stumps with scanty sprouts of shining evergreen leaves. In one place an oak and a holly grew side by side, and a briar clung to them, the rose hips mingling with the holly berries. Many birds hopped about the branches,

leaves let go their hold, gently pirouetting stalk first to the ground. She looked at the hollies, magnificent with their crown of scarlet berries, and caught an echo of the tramp, tramp of horses of a bygone age, when on six Christmastides a merry cavalcade rode by, laden with the branches they had pulled to decorate the palace of the king. Sometimes in windy autumn the brown wave of fallen leaves swirling in front of her seemed to take another form—that of an ancient herbalist darting from one bush to another, gathering simples to fill his wallet: hazelnuts for a cold in the head. "Take small note kennelys and roost hem, and ete hem with a lytyl powder of pepyr when thou gost to bed," elder blossoms because they are "singular good for the inflammation of wounds," and willow leaves to help make this pain-soothing recipe, for "when you have the crampe, if it doe come of a hot cause, anoynte the sinews with the oyle of water-lillies and willows and roses." W. S.

FLODDEN FIELD.



A. H. Robinson.

THE GULL POND, PALLINSBURN.

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FORD CASTLE, where the Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, was living when he collected local colour for his dramatic poem "Flodden Field" (Macmillan), stands on a height overlooking the valley of the Till, with Flodden opposite the castle windows. At the back of Ford is a wild rough moor, where at one time there were many coal-pits. They have not been worked for more than a decade, and Nature has already transformed the rubbish-heaps

and ruined cottages, the pits and engine-houses into fields, where she has sown her own fair plants and mosses, so that it looks as if the very memory of mining would fade away. On it there are places, with names such as Slainsfield and Watchlaw, that speak of the famous battle and Lady Heron's sentries watching the columns of Surrey as they tramped over the Kylee hills and made a detour to Twizel. Ford almost looks down on Till, "the deep and sullen," which here winds in and out among flat



A. H. Robinson.

SETTLING DOWN AGAIN.

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green meadows or "haughs." The banks are set with willow trees, which a generation ago were of importance to the makers of baskets and beehives who dwelt in the adjacent hamlets, but now there is not a more deserted district in Great Britain than beautiful Glendale. The river, like a broad belt of silver, gleams in the sun; the walks beside it are overgrown with grass and dock leaves, and one may wander for hours and hours and never see a human being. Decay has been as swift here as it is picturesque. When as a child the writer fished and swam in this stream, there was an incessant sound that seemed to belong to Nature, so constant was it; yet it was not Nature at all, but the great hammer at the water-forge of Ford. Even then it was an anomaly in the days of steam that shovels and spades should be manufactured by water power, and though the industry was kept up for a long time after that, it stopped at length, and we give a picture of the place as it is now. The old cauld up which the salmon used to leap when the river was in

flood is gone into disrepair, the cottages of the workmen are empty and ruinous, and the very race that ran down to the forge runs no longer. At the other side used to be a gaunt mill whereat the country people for many miles round had their corn

ground, paying the miller in old Chaucerian style by his multure or, in the local idiom, moutter, while the man who distributed the batches of oatmeal and barley meal was called the "poker," because he carried the pocks or sacks. One thinks of Keble's line "With lulling spell let soft decay steal on," for time has dealt gently and lovingly with this human failure, as if willing to hide the evidence it gives of man's weakness. She has retained the sparkle of the water as it dashes and tumbles among the stones after leaving the cauld, and has called forth such a



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THE RIVER TILL.

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wealth of willow and rush and loosestrife and other bright weeds that the place looks more like one of her fair gardens than a forsaken scene of man's activity. Ford Forge is close to Heatherslaw, an old manor belonging to the Muschamps of



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THE CRAG AT TWIZEL-ON-SEA.

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Wooler, and at least one of its houses was probably standing there at Flodden, and must have witnessed both the building and disappearance of this factory. It is but a little thing, and yet it shows how ceaselessly industrious are the little blades of grass, the little specks of dust, that in a day or a thousand years, it is all the same, bury and cover away the works of man, till at last stately villa and tiny water-forge are equally obliterated and cast into oblivion.

The field of Flodden contains little to remind one of the famous battle. It is still "dark Flodden," as it was to Scott, and still beyond it lie the blue encircling Cheviots, near enough almost to overshadow the smaller hill, yet so far as always to maintain an air of distance and glamour. The late Louisa Lady Waterford found a little well, which possibly enough was the one at which Scott discovered the shepherd boys blowing tunes on their oaten pipes. He transferred the well to the poem, and henceforth it became known as Marmion's Well. Lady Waterford encouraged the idea by building a little fountain, and inscribing it with a legend adapted from "Marmion." But time has mossed it all over now and crumbled down the stonework, and the tiny rillet looks almost as natural now as it did when "water pure as diamond spark from a stone basin fell."

"Above some half-worn letters say,
Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and
pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey
Who built this cross and well."

Of the well built by Lady Waterford it may now be said as it was of the other:

"Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple cross of Sybil Grey,
And broke her font of stone;
But yet out from the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field descry,
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair."

If the truth be spoken on Flodden Hill, one thinks less

running to the sea; there are the three Eildon hills that Thomas of Ercildoune rhymed about and that the devil is said to have taken up on his shovel, one bit being the central load and the other hills the pieces that fell off; here are a hundred places of strength to remind one of the day when any morning a wild

slogan might cause the rustics to hurry into battle, keep, or tower. One of these places, Etal, an old home of the Mannors family, we show a picture of. It is probably the most characteristic old village in the county of Northumberland, and has for centre one of the most delightful little inns conceivable, one of the very few hostelries in this part of the country, at all events, that still continue to have a thatched roof. Ruins of the ancient castle stand near, and it seems to be some centuries since the writer climbed their ivied walls to rob the nests of owls and jackdaws. Etal is embowered in trees, and the river almost encircles it. Here the Till is crossed by an old ferry-boat, and long ago there must have been a bridge, of which it is only recorded that some time in the sixteenth century it needed mending, but when the sun shines and the water is clear you can see the stones stretching from bank to bank.

At the village of Crookham near by is a house that is said to have been a hostelry when Flodden was fought. No doubt this must have been a very old village, though at present it contains no house that we can possibly imagine Sir Walter Besant's heroine, Dorothy Forster, to have died in. But in its Eastfield and Westfield and its "balks" (how early do

the birds nest there!) we can see traces of the old manorial system that was at its prime in the fourteenth century and endured till the notorious enclosure Acts "robbed the common from the goose."

No finer river-side walk is there in England than that from Etal down to Twizel, "Where now," said Scott in his day, "the hawthorn blooms so lavishly." Gentle and silver-haired Lady Fitz-Clarence, who mourned out her days in Etal manor house, made a beautiful walk as far as her estate extended. The braes are more lovely as they get wilder; and the Till, as if now rejoicing at the thought of its union with Tweed, is no longer still and sullen here, but dances and sparkles over a rocky bed and round the little rocky islets in its course. It will be remembered that Surrey led his army almost in a single file over the bridge at Twizel—the same bridge which is standing now—



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A COTTAGE AT ETAL.

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ETAL VILLAGE.

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of the battle, which, as a matter of fact, was fought on the neighbouring crest of Branxton, than of the stories and traditions of the Borders, which there are so many things to suggest. From it you can see "Tweed's fair river broad and deep"

and that the chivalrous James eyed him from his mountain seat; but not till all the English bowmen, all the bold Stanleys and Howards, had crossed to the level ground did he give the command to burn his tents and sweep down upon the foe.

Surely fight has never been more spiritedly described than that fell struggle is in "Marmion":

"The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well."

Near Flodden Hill there are many interesting objects which have no historical significance. Among them none is more beautiful than the famous gull-pond at Pallinsburn. It is a sheet of water dotted with little islands close to the roadside, and at the foot of a hilly park through whose trees gleam the brick walls of Pallinsburn manor house. Around the pond hawthorn, laburnum, wild apple, and the other spring flowers blow what time the white-winged seagulls come inland from the wild Northumbrian coast-line to join the rooks after the ploughmen and build their nests on the islands. Pleasant it is in summer *sub tegmine fagi* to listen to the sea music which these beautiful creatures bring to this fair inland retreat.

WILLIAM E HENLEY.

"And none (God wot!) can understand
How I regret, and yearn, and pine
For just one contact with a little hand
That, being as dead to me, yet speaks
And cherishes and beguiles,
So many long and weary miles,
So many longer and wearier weeks—
Or is it years?—away."

THUS Mr. Henley wrote in our last Christmas Number, thinking, as he always did, of the little girl he had lost some years ago, and wondering, as he often wondered, how long it would be before he was called upon to rejoin her. In his own brave way, if his spirit could speak now, he would say, as he did when his own child died, "there is nothing to mourn, nothing to beat the breast, but all is well and fair." The long and weary weeks have been fewer in number than we expected, but they have brought to an end a life so tortured, not only with physical pain, but with regrets and sorrows, that it may be said of him, as of another:

"Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

W. E. H., as he liked to sign himself, and as his familiars called him, has often enough told me about the last day of really healthy life that he lived. He must have been about eighteen at the time, and down in one of the Gloucester meadows he romped, and played, and jumped, and went on generally as if some score of youths had merged their vitality in one; but he fell down at the end, and from that moment began the frightful trouble that has only ended now. The history of his ailments has long been public property; it will be found described by himself in the famous series of poems called "In Hospital." At any rate, it is no intention of mine to write his biography, but only to recall a little of the intercourse I had with him. It began long after he had lost his leg, and when he was editing the *Scots Observer*; about the time, in fact, when he published his "Book of Verses," that is to say, when the hospital and the operation had long passed into a memory. I thought then, as I do now, that the dedication of his first book was as perfect as anything he had ever written, and he told me that it took him quite a week to compose the eight lines which are quoted:

TO MY WIFE.

"Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old or new,
All that is good in them belongs
Only to you;
"And, singing as when all was young,
They will recall
Those others, lived but left unsung—
The best of all."

They have this merit outside the poetical one, that they were thoroughly deserved by the subject of them. Very great

sympathy must be felt with Mrs. Henley to-day in the second of her great sorrows, and the lovers of his verse can never fully know how much of it they owe to her loving and wise care.

In those days Mr. Henley and I made a great many excursions into the country, and it was on Flodden Hill, by the very well which is described on another page, that he wrote the verses that follow:

"Here they trysted, here they strayed,
In the leafage dewy and boon,
Many a man and many a maid,
And the morn was merry June.
'Death is fleet, Life is sweet,'
Sang the blackbird in the may;
And the hour with flying feet,
While they dreamed, was yesterday."

"Many a maid and many a man
Found the leafage close and boon;
Many a destiny began—
O, the morn was merry June!
Dead and gone, dead and gone,
(Hark the blackbird in the may!),
Life and Death went hurrying on,
Cheek on cheek—and where were they?"

"Dust on dust engendering dust
In the leafage fresh and boon,
Man and maid fulfil their trust—
Still the morn turns merry June.
Mother Life, Father Death
(O, the blackbird in the may!),
Each the other's breath for breath,
Fleet the times of the world away."

They recall to me, as probably they do to no other reader except one, an exquisite day in early June, the cool shade, the



H. S. Mendelssohn.

W. E. H.

Pembridge Crescent, W.

seat by the well, and the chorus of birds rising from every bush and tree. We went to lunch afterwards with a friend of mine, who is a great angler, and Mr. Henley, whose love of field sports was intense, could not be satisfied without seeing him fish. The poet watched him with delight, and then on the bank of the Glen fell fast asleep, "like a tired child," as he said afterwards. My friend looked at the poet's shoulders, which were those of a giant, and his masculine, strong frame, and then at the solitary leg, and remarked: "It must be like hell for a man with that make not to be able to go about." Undoubtedly, that was Henley's own feeling; but for the accident of this disease he was eminently fitted to take part in every manly outdoor pastime, and felt, as he himself said, "like a caged wild beast." Yet his resolution never wavered. That poem which

he wrote to Hamilton Bruce expressed his own plucky and determined way of conducting his life:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.
"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

On one occasion while we were staying at a little Border inn, we were joined by the inimitable Charles Baxter, the friend of Stevenson, then in the flush of his vitality. How Baxter had come to him in hospital is told in the lines:

"Do you remember
That afternoon—that Sunday afternoon!—
When, as the kirks were ringing in,
And the grey city teemed
With Sabbath feelings and aspects,
Lewis—our Lewis then,
Now the whole world's—and you,
Young, yet in shape most like an elder, came,
Laden with Balzacs
(Big, yellow books, quite impudently French),
The first of many times
To that transformed back-kitchen where I lay
So long, so many centuries—
Or years is it!—ago?"

The sort of conversation that went on may be imagined. Baxter full of his parodies, his imitations, his endless fun; Henley throwing in his Homeric laugh as ready chorus, and every now and then a change taking place from buffoonery to the most vehement argument, during which a stranger might have thought we were all ready to bite off each other's heads; but somehow it all came round to laughter once more, and the most heated words never left behind the slightest shadow of a sting. I did not know Stevenson, though I heard much conversation about him, and can well imagine what he must have been, from the bold and striking sketch Henley had drawn of him:

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist."

It was thought by the outsider that when Stevenson died Henley had been guilty of something like disloyalty, and, as a matter of fact, there were only a few who quite understood that the apparent fault-finding was only a form of passionate love and regret. Henley, unconsciously to himself, for he was the most illogical of men, had built up a philosophy that he could neither analyse nor explain. He could only live according to its tenets. To his mind Stevenson, after that famous "Voyage with a Donkey," had gone after strange gods, and was no more the sunny Louis of Bohemia, with its bread and cheese, its clouted shoon, and its inexhaustible spirits. The two friends had drifted apart, and the famous essay in the *Pall Mall Magazine* was Henley's protest. To us who knew and loved the man it contained not one scintilla of rancour or malice or ill-feeling. Henley wrote, as it were, from the top of his lonely philosophic pillar, and persuasiveness never had been one of his gifts, so that his attitude was misunderstood, and was bound to be misunderstood, by the many who did not know the personal equation. It was the same throughout his life. His criticism was never logical, but derived its value exclusively from the flashes of poetic insight with which it abounded. It was the same with his conversation. He could and did talk a very great deal of absurdity, but every now and then came a phrase that seemed to flash a light into the very heart of the subject under discussion. Many of our readers have probably forgotten the picture of his conversation given by Stevenson in a once famous essay.

It was most amusing to see Henley side by side with Louis's cousin Bob—the Professor—the one always sallying out with a

sledge-hammer breaking and smashing whatever he came across, the other so light and agile, dancing over all sorts of subjects and suggesting and touching and then flying away to light like a butterfly on some new flower. Henley described himself as "ever a fighter," and his best fights were probably conducted in the old *National Observer* days, when it was his delight to play, in his own expressive language, "hell and Tommy" with the London journalists every Saturday morning. He really culminated in the *National Observer*, all his previous work having led up to it and the later work being a decline from it. He is a great personality to have been lost from our midst, a strenuous, brave, energetic man of letters from the public point of view, and in private, the most impulsive, the most generous, the most constant and warm-hearted of friends.

Henley's attitude to other poets has been as much misunderstood as his attitude to Stevenson. I remember once, when we were staying at Muswell Hill, saying to him that I thought that, after all was said and done, the finest poem that Tennyson had ever written was "The Grandmother," and to my great surprise he thoroughly agreed with this opinion. "I have tried it in every way," he said, characteristically, "and never found the old man off the spot." He used to quote the poem, "When the dumb Hour clothed in black brings the Dreams about my bed," as a wonderful example of Tennyson's pictorial quality. In a few words the late Laureate here produced an atmosphere over which a slovenly writer would have dawdled for many pages. Naturally, he very much disliked the Idylls, and, to be sure, his other favourites were not chosen on very intelligible grounds; but the essay that he wrote two or three years ago was merely a wild plunge, and did not represent his best opinion. In his own "London Voluntaries," though he fancied himself following Milton, the influence of Tennyson is paramount and easily seen. Swinburne had been still more potent in his early youth, and I very well remember the Sunday morning in which I had the pleasure of introducing him to the author of "Atalanta." He greatly valued himself on his wild attack on Robert Burns, "Scots-wha-haeing" representing to his mind the *ne plus ultra* of Scottish "bleat"; but in reality, though his text of Burns is of the utmost value, his criticism has had little or no effect, Robbie remaining as dear to his countrymen as ever he was. On the other hand, Mr. Henley had a great deal to do with the making of Rudyard Kipling, though how he could see any poetry in such phrases as "When 'Omer struck his bloomin' lyre," or "Where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man may raise a thirst," passes one's power to imagine. Again, his admiration of T. E. Brown, who had been his schoolmaster, was just and well founded, while his thorough dislike of William Watson was the opposite. But it would take long, indeed, to analyse the bundle of prejudices and dislikes which went to make up W. E. H. The most important of them are contained in the following two verses:

"When the wind storms by with a shout, and the stern sea-caves
Rejoice in the tramp and the roar of onsetting waves,
Then, then, it comes home to the heart that the top of life
Is the passion that burns the blood in the act of strife—
Till you pity the dead down there in their quiet graves.

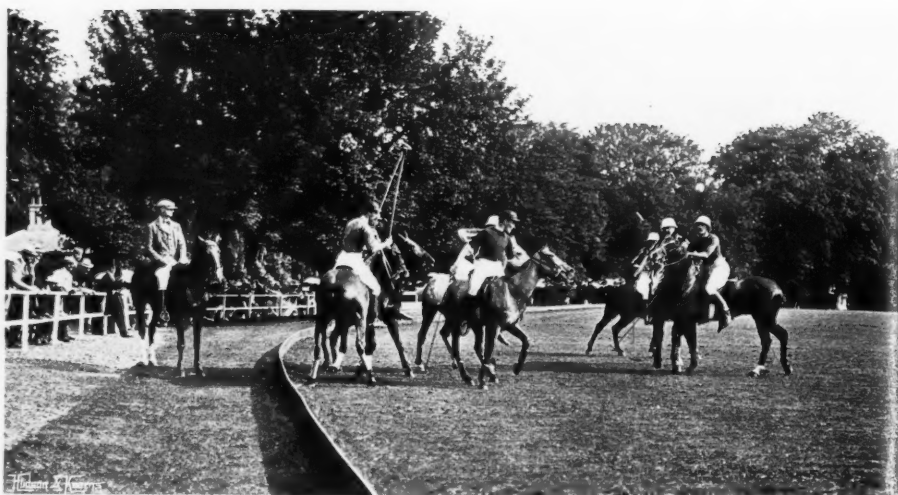
"But to drowse with the fen behind and the fog before,
When the rain-rot spreads, and a tame sea mumbles the shore,
Not to adventure, none to fight, no right and no wrong,
Sons of the Sword heart-sick for a stave of your sire's old song—
O, you envy the blessed dead that can live no more!"

P. A. G.



THE restoration of the Inter-regimental seems almost to have given a new life to polo. We had hardly realised how much the game had lost by the absence of the soldiers, until last week we saw the spirit with which the Aldershot Cup at Ranelagh was played shared in the eagerness of the spectators and in the triumph of the winners. So, too, on Thursday week, when we sat once more on the roof of the Hurlingham pavilion in the midst of a gathering of soldiers from all parts of the Empire, we felt that even if civilian polo be more scientific, yet the interest of no match can equal the soldiers' tournaments. By the new regulations the first ties are played off on grounds within the district where the regiments are quartered. Four teams had survived—the Inniskillings from Ireland, the Royal Horse Guards from London, the Rifle Brigade and 17th Lancers from Aldershot. Of these the general impression was that the Royal Horse Guards and the Rifle Brigade would fight out the final. Many people desired the victory of the last-named, on the ground that it would stimulate polo in infantry regiments. I know what great pains the

Royal Horse Guards have taken, how steady their practice, and how careful the training of men and ponies has been. They have been working for years to win this cup; their victory would have been the result of great perseverance. The luck was so far on their side that the Inniskillings were far from being in their best form. Captain Neil Haig played quite at his best, and carried the team on his shoulders. He is a very hard-working player, and is as plucky and cheery under defeat as in victory. Major Ansell still feels the effects of South Africa, and is yet a long way from the form he showed in 1897-98 when the regiment won. Then the loss of such a back as General Rimington tells hardly on a team. Captains Fryer and Gibson were both short of work. On the other hand, the Royal Horse Guards were at their very best. They have a set of ponies not only good in themselves, but suited to their riders. This was particularly the case with Mr. Brassey and Captain Ward. The latter has developed into one of the best forwards of the day. When he shot out on a chestnut pony for a run it was as fine a bit of play as has been seen this year. Give the pony its due, for it galloped smooth and it galloped straight, but the rider's strokes drove the ball over a ground already much cut up in the right direction. Only the last of three fine hits was a little too strong, and travelled a few yards too far. There was just one thing to do, and he did it. Wheeling the pony round (and how that pony turned!), Captain Ward struck a back-hander under the pony's tail straight between the posts. We noted not only the cleanness of the stroke, but its rapidity and certainty; there was no



W. A. Rouch.

THE BALL IS IN THE AIR.

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off his game. Everyone who knows the Royal Horse Guards team will realise that if the No. 3 and No. 4 were less notable it was because their work was thorough, and because the team were often attacking. But now that General Rimington and Major Maclaren are out of their regimental teams, Mr. Marjoribanks has few equals, and perhaps no superior, among soldier "backs." Thus it will be seen that the Royal Horse Guards were much the



W. A. Rouch.

PLAY IN MID-FIELD.

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dwelling on the ball. No other player could have done it better, very few so well. Another member of the team, Mr. Brassey, as No. 1, showed himself a steady goal-hitter, and bold and quick to ride off. In soldiers' matches they do not play at riding off, a matter about which some civilian players are very slack. I saw a first-class match the other day in which one fine player was never touched; yet he was the one man who, of all o' hers, who can be hustled

stronger team, and won by 9 to 2. The second game was a surprise. In it the 17th Lancers—Captain Carden, Major Tylney, Mr. Fletcher, and Colonel Haig—met the Rifle Brigade—Captains Boden, Gosling, Bell, and Morris. The last-named were thought likely to win. They had many supporters, and the green regimental riband was frequently seen on the stand. But while

on the form they had shown it seemed as if they ought to win the tie, and perhaps the cup, there were certain drawbacks. Captain Morris, their back, had hurt his arm, and some of their ponies—and they were known to have a fine team of well-trained ponies—had gone amiss. In the result the 17th Lancers fairly outstayed them, and won by a single goal. It will be noted that the team had the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment playing. No one had a more distinguished record of service in South Africa. It augurs well for soldiers' polo in India that Colonel Douglas Haig has been selected as Inspector-General of Cavalry in that country. When the game began, and for full forty minutes, the Rifles had the best of it. At one time they were three goals ahead. But the Rifles had one disadvantage—their ponies were clearly short of work. The team obviously lost its combination and dash as the game went on. On the other hand, the 17th Lancers improved, and they developed a gift of goal-hitting that they had not shown at first. They missed one or two "sitters" in the first half-hour, and seemed rather nervous and unsteady.

After the fine series of games which marked the early stages of the Inter-regimental, we came to the final tie on Saturday with feelings of great interest. There was a wonderful gathering at Hurlingham. Her Majesty



W. A. Rouch.

MR. BRASSEY HAS THE BALL.

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Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, who has always been a sturdy supporter of Inter-regimental polo, the Commander-in-Chief, and many soldiers past and present crowded the stand, and lined the bandstand side of the ground. It would be idle to deny that the result was a surprise, and to many a disappointment. One of the best judges of polo told me before the match that he thought the Royal Horse Guards were certain to win. Others, however, realised that there was an element of doubt. The Royal Horse Guards, like many other brilliant teams, are uncertain, and the downfall of the hitherto invincible Rugby team at Ranelagh on the previous Saturday had reminded us of the uncertainties of polo. Moreover, as already noted, the 17th Lancers had steadily improved since the first ties. Captain Carden, who had perhaps been rather nervous, played on Saturday up to his best form. The game can be easily described. The Royal Horse Guards team began to go to pieces in the second ten minutes. After this, the game was never in doubt. The forwards of the Royal Horse Guards dashed themselves in vain against the steady defence of Colonel Haig and Mr. Fletcher. The result was satisfactory in some respects. The recent defeat of the Royal Horse Guards and the Rifle Brigade, the two best-mounted teams of the soldiers, as well as Rugby (by far the strongest team in England in ponies) shows that the mounting of a team is not perhaps so great a factor as we have been accustomed to think in first-class polo. That a regiment so famous in polo annals as the 17th Lancers should win is also satisfactory, and that their back should be their commanding officer, an A.D.C. to the King, and one of the most successful of the younger cavalry commanders, is noteworthy and of good augury for the future of polo in the Army. The crowd—which, by the way, included many foreigners—melted away after the presentation of the cup to see the trial game between Blackmore Vale and the Ranelagh Club. The match is described below, and the Blackmore Vale team look like taking the Hunt Cup and the County Cup perhaps as well this week.

From the final of the Inter-regimental our thoughts turned to the County Cup and the Ranelagh Hunt Cup. Although the entries for the former were not large, the quality of the teams is high. I had heard a good deal of the Blackmore Vale team, and determined to go to Ranelagh to see the trial match provided for them. There is no better handicapper than Mr. Gill. It was therefore clear at once on looking at the card that the Blackmore Vale team were very much above the average of County Cup teams. The players chosen to represent Ranelagh against them were stronger than the team which played—Mr. G. Shepherd, Mr. Burden, Mr. E. Sheppard, and Mr. A. Rawlinson—for Mr. Buckmaster had originally been included. This, of course, was a very strong team, even as it stood, but not too strong for their task. Blackmore Vale's team were, Mr. A. T. Drake, Mr. F. Hargreaves, Mr. J. Hargreaves, and Captain Phipps Hornby. In the first place the Blackmore Vale team combined well, and were well captained. It will readily be understood that a scratch team like the Ranelagh four would

rate trial, and I confess I fail to see, after the way they played, how they can lose the County Cup. They hit hard, pass well, and are fast enough for any company. The teams they will have to meet are Wirral (the club has a fine ground at Hooton Park), Eden Park, the holders, and one other from the Midlands. Of the other events of the week, the most notable was the tournament at Eden Park, for Sir Thomas Dewar's cup. This was the first tournament played in the London district under a numerical handicap. The uncertainties of polo, however, defied the skill of the handicappers,



W. A. Rouch.

CHANGING PONIES.

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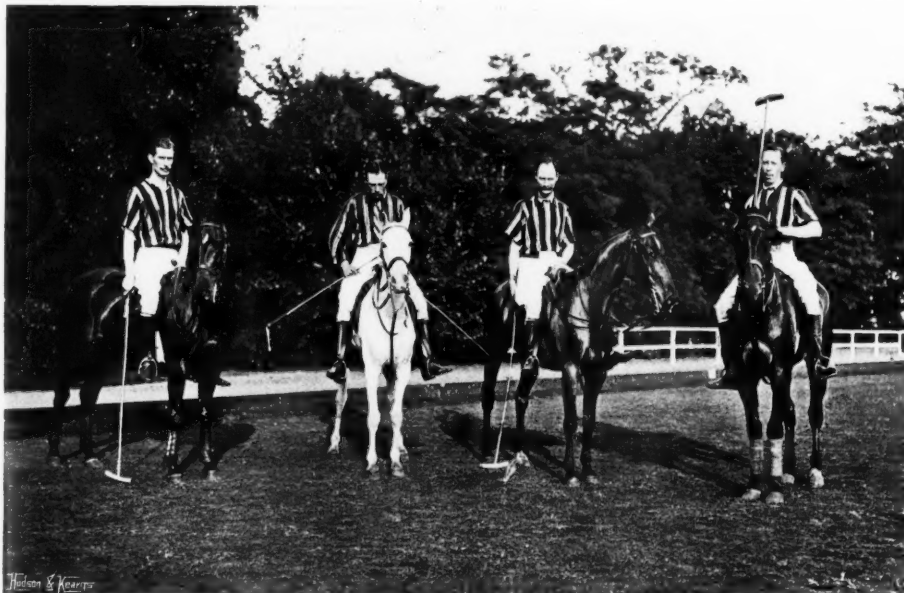
and practically the allowance of goals in no way affected the result, yet no doubt the trial of the system taught us something. Some day we must have a polo handicap, and it is a great matter that members of the Hurlingham Committee should gain, as in this case Mr. Tresham Gibbey has done, experience in the matter. In the end both the Dewar Cup and the Eden Park trophy went to the Eden Park Club, which will send its first team to Hurlingham on July 15th. Eden Park are the present holders of the County Cup.

X.

ON THE GREEN.

IN the hot July weather we have thought that the cynical English golfer had reason when he said that the Scotch knew just enough about golf to put their clubs away when the summer came. At the same time, a cynic Sassenach of his type would deny that the Scottish summer ever did arrive, any more than the Greek Kalends. In the South we have been much favoured this year in a bountiful rain that has clad the putting greens in a nice velvety dress, but with the July sun they are getting hard baked. This is the time when all the sand in the teeing boxes is turned to dust, out of which the best caddie in the world cannot construct a tee that will hold the ball up. It is a bunker in little. The stereotyped plan is to lay a slice of turf over the sand in the boxes, to keep all cool and as moist as may be under it. You cannot keep it very moist, for everything, including the golfer, is dry and thirsty, and when the sand gets dry it blows away out of the box into the wide, wide world, which is a bore on an inland green, to which you have brought your sand with much labour. Another, unsuspected, thing that happens to it is that the birds eat it. Perhaps it may seem that the little they eat can make no odds, but it depends on the bird and its appetite for sand. Lately it happened to me to see, on an inland green, a covey or a "gaggle," or whatever it is called, of geese—real geese, of the feathered sort—march up with the solemnity of their species to the teeing box and begin eating vast beakfuls of sand. A goose's beak holds about as much as a trowel, and by the time the whole family had satiated their anserine appetite for sand there was very little left for a man to tee his ball on. So this is yet another reason for giving your teeing boxes a lid, whether of wood or turf. But it was a dreadfully thirsty thing to watch, on a hot July day—these geese consuming huge spoonfuls of dry sand. No doubt it was good for them, but it would not have suited the golfer.

They say (the *on dit* that makes nobody responsible) that Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., is to win the Parliamentary Tournament. Maybe he will have won it by this time, or maybe someone else will—one never knows. But in any case they also say that in fixing his handicap the Parliamentary Committee did him less than justice. All the better for him if it is so—it is a mistake to be too proud in these matters—but that *on dit*, whether true or no,

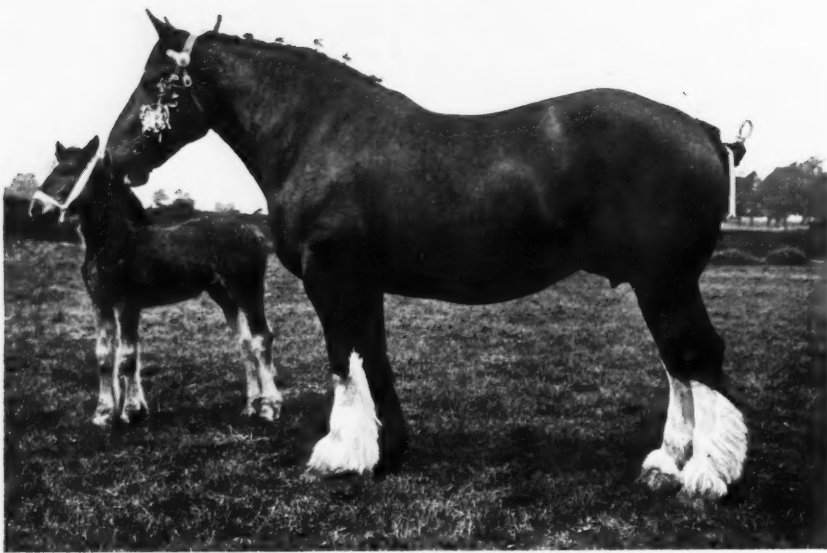


W. A. Rouch.

THE WINNERS OF THE ARMY POLO CHAMPIONSHIP.

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be a little loose in their combination, and this was taken every advantage of by their opponents, and Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Rawlinson frequently were to be seen being taken care of by two or even three of their opponents. Blackmore Vale won, but it was a very fast game and full of interest. In fact, I agree with the remark of a spectator on the stand, that no game of polo in which Mr. A. Rawlinson takes part can possibly be dull. The Ranelagh team had no very great luck to help them. The object of the match, however, was attained; Blackmore Vale had a first-



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QUEEN OF THE SHIRES AND FOAL.

suggests constant trouble in tournaments that go on as long as the Parliamentary. They give such a length of time for the improvement of a player who is just at that golfing phase in which improvement takes place. The Parliamentary Tournament does not take nearly as long as it used to before they had the qualifying rounds. When it was all tournament, last year's hardly was done before this year's was beginning. But even as it is, it takes long enough for a man in the improving stage to be a much altered player at the end from what he was at the beginning. The handicap that might fit him very well at the start might be quite a misfit before the finish. That is a trouble that always must face a committee handicapping for a tournament that lasts over some time. Probably it is, humanly speaking, impossible for a committee to foresee that such and such a man is going to improve (there is also, it would seem, a retrograding stage—are they to make allowance for that too?) in the course of the contest. No doubt the most to be expected of them is that they should handicap the competitors fairly according to their form when the handicap is made. Even that is no little thing to ask. The gift of prophecy is not to be looked for in them. But still, the trouble is always imminent, that an improving player who may be very fairly handicapped to start with may win in a common canter at the finish by reason of his improvement. There is no happier time in any man's life on earth (not excepting the times when he is in love) than the time in which he is filled with a well-grounded confidence that he is improving as a golfer.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FROM THE FARMS.

PETERBOROUGH SHOW.

THE Horse and Hound Show at Peterborough is always an important event in the agricultural year, and that for 1903 deserves to be remembered as one of the most successful held since its institution. It is a subject of remark that the Shire horses were as representative a lot as have appeared this year, and Peterborough is generally noted for the appearance of some new animals. Sir Blundell Maple had the honour of carrying away the champion prize in the open competition, Queen of the Shires and Dunsmore Gloaming taking the gold medal and reserve, and also Messrs. Barford and Perkins the champion prize and its reserve. The special cup given by Sir Blundell Maple, and the subscription challenge cup for the best mare exhibited by a tenant farmer, were given to Mr. Bradley's Halstead Duchess III., with Mr. Casswell's Dunsby Lady Grey reserve. Among other Shires that won distinction was Mr. Walter Hammond's Lowesby Gallant, who won the first prize for stallions foaled in 1901. The best two year old Shire gelding was found in one shown by Mr. Wadsley. In yearling entire colts Lord Egerton was first with Tatton Monarch. Mr. Bell distinguished himself in the shorthorn competition, his Baron Abbotsford being an easy winner in shorthorn bulls over two and under five years old, and he had a very pretty heifer calf of nine months and seventeen days that is sure to be

heard of again in the show-ring. Pigs and sheep were very well represented, and altogether the show must be described as a most successful one.

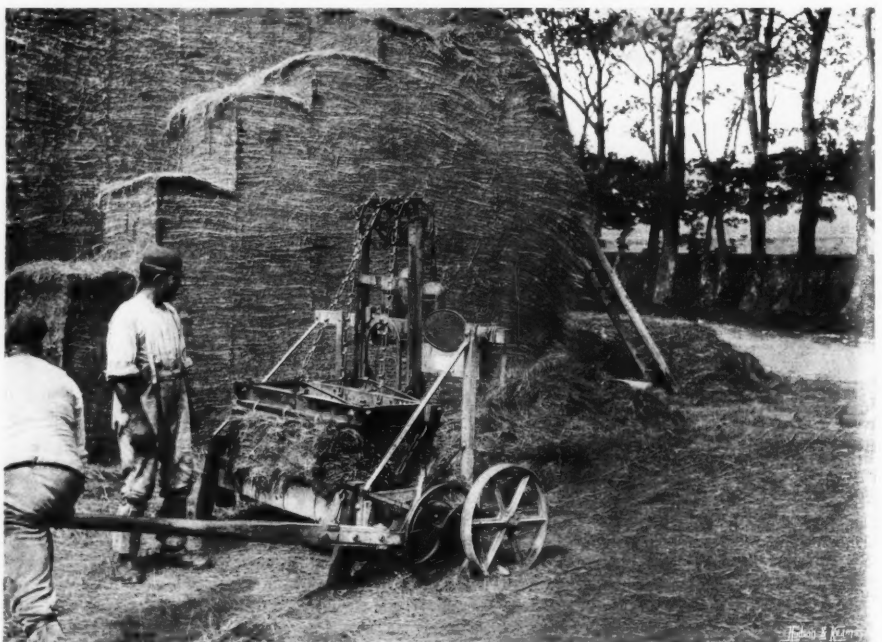
CAPTURING ZEBRA.

In the July number of the Journal of the Society of Arts there is an interesting report of the first attempt made to take advantage of the grant by Government for experiments in zebra domestication. The report was written by Robert J. Stordy, Veterinary Officer to the Uganda and East African Protectorate. It took him fifty days to construct the boma or stockade employed to capture the animals. On the side of the river remote from the boma it was considered necessary to have an arm of cut trees to facilitate the driving of the zebra in the direction of the ford. The first attempt to drive the zebra proved futile; as the cordon closed in the animals became panic-stricken, and one after another the four herds charged through the line of beaters with an impetuosity that nothing could resist. After that, however, the arm composed of cut trees on the north side of the river was increased in length from a quarter of a mile to nearly two miles. The second drive was on a much larger scale than

the first. A start was made at daybreak, and the line of beaters immediately put up about a hundred zebra and drove them across the plain towards the stockade. As they approached the arm the herd, which, as usual, was led by an old stallion, broke away in the direction of the railway line, and actually got outside the cordon, but they were headed back again into the line of beaters. In the event eighty-five zebra were captured; two foals have since been born in the boma, and the old and young have become wonderfully tame. Thus it will be possible to attempt the domestication on a larger scale than has ever before been tried, and we may look forward to a time when the zebra will be used both for crossing and as an ordinary beast of burden on the farm.

THE HAYSEL.

For the last fortnight haymaking has gone on with more or less regularity all through the country, in some places under the most favourable conditions and in others under the most unfavourable. It is therefore impossible to form any sound general estimate of the crop. Some of the Southern farmers say that it is the largest ever gathered by them, and further that it has been stacked in the very finest condition, while it is just as freely asserted in the North that the return is very much below the average, as the weather was so dry and cold at the time when growth should have been made. In all parts of the kingdom, however, the results are being awaited with more than usual anxiety, because, as the straw promises in nearly every case to be short, should this be the case also with the hay there will be a great dearth of fodder next year. These considerations are already beginning to have a considerable influence on the livestock sales throughout the country.



F. Mason Good.

PRESSING HAY FOR TRANSPORTATION.

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WINDMILLS.

THE recent exhibition and competition of windmills conducted by the Royal Agricultural Society, has called the attention of the agricultural public to the great value of this form of motor for farm purposes.

It seems strange to those who are acquainted with the subject that we in this country have been so long in waking up to the advantage of this form of power, when we know that it has been in use so long in the United States and in Canada, and most successfully so. We have had the old-fashioned cumbersome style of cornmill in this country for generations, forming quite a feature in the scenery of some districts, but on the other side of the Atlantic almost every farm has its windmill for pumping, chaff-cutting, grinding, etc., every one of which motors is made in the small compact form we are now familiar with, in which the whole circle of the wheel is filled up with vanes, a small wheel thus giving as much power as the huge old four-armed "sails."

Before discussing the special exhibit at the Royal, it may be useful to note one or two points about windmills in general. The vanes or sails are set at an angle to the direction of the wind and to the axis of the wheel; the wind thus strikes each vane at an angle and tends to push the vane aside, this side push causing the whole frame of vanes to rotate round the axis. It has been found in practice, however, that much depends on the exact angle of each part of each vane—that the angle of the outer end (*i.e.*, at the circumference of the "wheel") must be different from that at the inner end, nearer the axis. In other words, the angle of the outer end should be 85deg. to the axis, and that at the inner end 67½deg., with a graduation between. Thus each vane approximates in its curve to the mouldboard of a plough or the blade of a steamship propeller. This is a point which some of the competitors do not seem to have taken any notice of, so far as we could see by looking at their exhibits from the ground, and none of them seem to have adopted an improvement quite common in America, that of rounding off the corners of each vane so as to give it an "epicycloidal" curve, approximating still more to the principle of the propeller.

Another point about windmills is that the axis or shaft of the "wheel" should not be set level, but at an angle with the horizon varying from 8deg. on level ground to 15deg. on hilly exposed land. This set of the structure is very noticeable on the old-fashioned country mills, but seems also to be ignored by the makers of the modern variety.

The chief characteristic of the recent trials was the number of improved varieties which were *not* exhibited. Apart from the improvements mentioned above, which are quite common, and ought to be known to all windmill men, there is a form of double wheel windmill in existence which promises to yield a much superior efficiency. In this form one wheel is behind the other and revolves in the opposite direction; the wind, striking the vanes of the first, is deflected off at an angle, and thereby strikes the vanes of the wheel behind at right angles, thus yielding much more power. Thus two 4 h.p. wheels may together yield 10 h.p.—a decided advantage for a small extra outlay. The society is not to blame because exhibitors did not come forward, and the majority of windmills on show were good enough for all practical purposes.

It is to be regretted that the work was limited to the pumping of water; we would much like to find out the comparative abilities of the different makes at work like grinding. This statement is prompted by the fact that the prize-winner uses for pumping purposes the objectionable arrangement known as the rack and pinion to give the up-and-down motion of the pump-rod, but uses an entirely different gear to drive a shaft for other work. Now, at a farm, pumping is only one of the jobs to be done, and must be done with ordinary rotating gear, so that the report of the judges will be very critically scanned by many experts.

P. McCONNELL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PLANTING BY THE SERPENTINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The public are under an obligation to COUNTRY LIFE for the attention drawn to some of the weak points in the planting of Hyde Park. This Royal and public park should show how to make the most of our parks and gardens, especially in cities and towns, and therefore prove a great force in conveying useful lessons in landscape gardening. There is plenty of room for improvement in the planting. I will suggest two or three points. I was standing a few days ago on the Serpentine Bridge, looking towards Lancaster Gate. On the right-hand side of the water, looking from the bridge, what do we see? A beautiful glade of park-like land of a triangular shape, bounded on the right by magnificent forest trees, and on the left by the water margin of the Serpentine—an ideal position for

artistic effect in the judicious grouping and planting of hardy flowering trees and shrubs. Instead of thus utilising this beautiful bit of ground, there is simply a row of willows running nearly the whole length of the water, forming a dense hedge. Surely the margin of the lake in this conspicuous part of the Serpentine ground deserves better treatment. Willows are beautiful in their place, when intelligently grouped and planted, but to let them monopolise the whole margin of the lake in this beautiful spot in a meaningless row is ridiculous. Besides making the margin attractive and interesting by the introduction of suitable groups, masses of rhododendrons and other trees and shrubs might be introduced in this part of the park amongst the trees and rough grass, giving here and there glimpses of refreshing colour.—T.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is indeed to be desired that this, one of the most important spaces in the London parks, and one of those that is most capable of being made beautiful by judicious planting, should be taken in hand and thoroughly well done. Hollies and, indeed, evergreens in general are out of place in London, and there they form the main part of the present unhappy planting. Their leaves, which for their health should be perfectly clean, in London have their whole surface not only disfigured, but their pores unhealthily choked with a tenacious sooty deposit. In the winter months, when, no doubt, they are intended to grace the London landscape, they do nothing but add to its gloom, not only by their dirty black colour, but by their evident unhappiness.—G. J.

TO MAKE A SMALL POND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a pond well and constantly supplied by springs, falling in level in exceptionally dry times by not more than 2ft. I am anxious to make another shallow one supplied from it, to serve as boundary to my lawns, etc., for which the levels are suitable. The soil is sandy loam, with much stone quite near the surface. There is no clay easily available, and I should like some hints about the construction of sides and bottom. I could not afford much wastage of water, but at the same time should like to utilise both pond and margins for suitable planting, therefore I want soil in the pond and damp margins.—W.

[Cement, helping the concrete out with the stones that you have handy, the floor and sides of the pond. There is no better way, if no clay is available, and in any case concrete has certain advantages. Consult Miss Jekyll's book "Wall and Water Gardens." There is no difficulty about introducing as much soil on the floor or margins as the plants you wish to grow will require.—ED.]

FLOWER FOR BUTTERFLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It surprises me to see several flowers mentioned for this purpose, and the one which I have always found eminently the best omitted. I refer to *Sedum spectabile*, which in August and September generally monopolises the attention of the butterflies in my garden in Cheshire. I have counted as many as twelve butterflies at a time on one head; they consisted of Red Admiral, Peacock, Comma, and Small Tortoiseshell.—C. WOLLEY DOD.

VARYING TYPES OF BIRDS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having never given up an early interest in bird-nesting, I have had some thirty years in which to compare experiences. Leaving out the accidental coincidences which naturally occur in different seasons, the constant and fixed varieties of eggs laid by the same species of bird are rather remarkable. It is only certain species that lay different types of eggs, but these types are, I think, constant not only to the species but to individual birds. For example, the red-backed shrikes, or butcher-birds, lay either cream-coloured eggs with brown and grey spots, or salmon-pink eggs with columbine red and purplish grey spots. "Red eggs," as we used to call them, would be found for some years in the place frequented by one pair, and creamy eggs in the haunts of another pair. Yet when hatched the birds would not differ in the web of a single feather. Blackcaps lay three varieties of eggs. There are the "ordinary" kind, eggs which are entirely cream colour with no marks (which are the rarest), and "pink eggs," in which a shade of pink takes the place of cream-yellow, as in the shrikes. Pheasants lay eggs of two colours—the common olive and a pale duck green. To go further afield. Emus lay either the invisible green eggs, so well known as ornaments, or eggs of a pale Corinthian bronze shade, a very beautiful variety. Everyone knows the difference of shade between white hens' eggs and buff hens' eggs. Is it possible that, though Nature has now made all the wild birds exactly alike, in one species there were formerly varieties, as there are among domesticated birds, and that these differences of the covering of the embryo correspond to the light skin, or dark skin, and hair of children? I rather doubt it. But perhaps someone learned in eggs could say what the accepted explanation is.—COLLECTOR.

A MOLE-CATCHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an old mole-catcher, a well-known character on the south-eastern part of Dartmoor. Like most of those who follow this peculiar calling, he is a picturesque old figure, and fits in perfectly with the surroundings in which he works. Notwithstanding the burden of years, he is very clever at his business, and it requires no small skill to capture the wily mole. Let anyone who doubts this try to set a trap in the most frequented moles' highway. He will probably find in the morning that the cunning "little gentleman in the black coat" has made a new run right round the trap, or has entirely deserted that particular burrow, or possibly left the whole intricate set of passages, which he has been at such trouble to construct, and

gone away to build, or rather burrow, a new home for himself. The experienced trapper goes round the farm on which he is engaged, and after setting his traps is disappointed if he does not capture a mole in every third one; but sometimes he finds a cunning old fellow who baffles all his efforts, and then a different method has to be adopted. Most mole-catchers have traps of their own invention and construction, and generally jealously guard the secret of their working. The subject of the photograph is no exception to this rule:



as will be seen, he carries several kinds of traps, and when one fails he tries another. I trust you will consider the picture of sufficient interest to publish it.—S. H. N.

WEED ON PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have a small pond in our garden which is now ruined, from an ornamental point of view, by a green weed, which entirely covers the surface. The weed appears to form at the bottom and to grow upwards in long, slimy tendrils, which gradually spread over everything. There is an ample supply of fresh water, which comes from the roof drainage of a number of outbuildings. Can you suggest any method of getting rid of this very obnoxious weed? Both fish and water-lilies are alive and doing well, so that there is no doubt about the water being fresh; but neither are visible in the present state of the pond. We have tried clearing it all out by means of a rake, but it grows again in a week or two as bad as ever. Any help you can give us in this matter will be most acceptable.—A. G. ROBINS.

[This is evidently the obnoxious American pond weed. We should be glad to hear from anyone who has conquered it.—ED.]

FOR GOOD OR EVIL?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you give me any information as to the effect on soil or on fruit trees or shrubs or flowers of using the waste lime product of carbide of calcium after washing out the generator used for making acetylene gas? I let my lime slush drain into a tank which takes useful stable water, and I fear I may do harm, or, possibly, on the contrary, good. As we sadly need lime in our soil, I should be much obliged if you could help me to settle this point. Our soil is of a light sandy nature in a pine and heather country.—F. J. M.

[All chemical products which terminate with the syllable "ide" are poisonous to plants. We have no experience with carbide, but expect it to follow the same rule, and the most sensible advice we can give you is to try a dressing of your "lime slush" on a patch of grass—say at the rate of a ton per acre—and note results. If it kills the grass, then it will kill fruit trees and flowers, and conversely. If you let any drainings run into a ditch or brook, you might take note of any effect on the vegetation therein.—ED.]

IVY POISONING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For the last year your very enjoyable paper has been forwarded to me on this side through our branch office. For three years prior, while living in England, I bought COUNTRY LIFE from a regular news agency, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Noting your various articles on "Ivy Poisoning," permit me to add a few lines on the subject. Rhus toxicodendron, or poison

ivy, is a very common plant on this side the water. Some five years ago I was badly poisoned, and even during the three years passed in England, when entirely away from the plant, every spring and fall the poison would break out upon my skin. If the poison gets well into the system it takes about seven years to get rid of it. The homœopathic remedy, however, of Rhus Tox, which is the poison of the plant itself in a powdered form, will control the trouble and drive it from the system, by being taken internally, and no disagreeable washes on the surface of the skin will be required. The dose is about as much as you can get on the point of a penknife, taken every three hours, until the itching rash disappears. The plant can be readily distinguished from the Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*), which it resembles, from the fact that the vine always bears three leaves to the cluster, and has a very glossy surface, and the points of the leaves are slightly blunted; while the Virginia creeper, as it is called on this side, invariably has five leaves to the cluster, sharp-pointed edges, and is a beautiful full green in colour. Then, too, the Virginia creeper tendrils are somewhat like those of the grape vine, while the poison ivy fastens itself with suckers somewhat resembling those of the English ivy. The *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, or Japanese ivy, is a much smaller and finer leaf, and can be readily distinguished.—W. B. STEWART, New York.

THE DEAD BLACKBIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the sad accident by which a poor blackbird was hanged by a thread outside her own nest, I have known two cases of the same kind happen to sparrows in London, one where the nest was in the pillar of the last house facing the park on the west side of Rutland Gate, and the other where the nest was in a tree on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields Gardens. In both cases the poor little dead birds hung for weeks, swinging in the wind outside their homes, a sad and pitiable sight. I fancy the accident is one that happens more often than one would expect.—F. P. O.

NATURE'S PEACEMAKERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a companion story to the one of the cow seen from the train endeavouring to separate two pheasants who were fighting, I should like to tell you of what I saw while waiting in a carriage for a train to come in at Rickmansworth Station in Hertfordshire. Two rabbits just on the other side of the road were fighting in Rickmansworth Park, and, to my astonishment, I saw a young hen fly on the top of them, evidently with the intention of parting them. This she repeated twice, going some yards back, and then rushing forward, and in a low flight settling on the top of the combatants again and again. Seeing she would not desist, the rabbits scuttled through some palings behind them, and disappeared from my view. Considering how very slenderly armed a hen is to interfere in such a quarrel, I always thought it one of the pluckiest and grandest things I ever saw a small animal do.—L. A. F. GILLIAT.

[We are afraid our correspondent is reading her own charming intentions into the bird. It is not Nature's way to interfere with the quarrels of the creatures.—ED.]

A DOUBLE NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On July 2nd, while at Wistow, Leicestershire, I went to look at a thrush's nest which I had seen in the spring with eggs in. It is a rather curious nest, being built about 4ft. 6in. from the ground against a brick



wall of my stud-groom's cottage, on the side facing north, resting on a piece of ivy. Being built against the wall, the nest is only three-quarters of a circle. The thrush brought off her young brood. Since then a flycatcher has built a perfect round nest inside the thrush's nest. She laid five eggs, one of which was bad, two were probably taken, and there were two fully-fledged young birds in the nest. I have had it photographed, and send you a copy, hoping you will be able to make use of it in your paper, although it was very difficult to get a good light on it. I shall be pleased to hear if you or any of your readers have met with a similar case.—MARK FIRTH.